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SCOTCH RELIGION.*

WE have great pleasure in introducing a very delightful book to the notice of our readers. Lord Cockburn's *Memorials of his Time* is not only well worthy of being read by every one who can procure it, but cannot fail to stimulate the most jaded literary appetite to pleasurable sensation. We had been prepared by the *Life of Lord Jeffrey* to expect a satisfactory work from Lord Cockburn's pen, but our expectations have been far exceeded by the reality. It possesses a wider interest, and is composed in a freer style, than Jeffrey's *Life*, and the thread of personality running through it is of a much more vital character. It is eminently Scotch, but eminently human too; and it is pervaded by a fine spirit of sympathy with truth and freedom and beauty and goodness in all their forms. It abounds in anecdotes and descriptions of character, and affords a truly national picture of the time over which its recollections stretch. Edinburgh society and Edinburgh localities are painted with an ease and power quite artistic, and there is a charming mixture of humour and affection in the appreciation of whatever is thus brought under notice.

We were struck, in reading the *Life of Jeffrey*, with the manner in which Lord Cockburn always kept himself in the background, and there is the same modesty to be traced throughout these *Memorials*; but from the nature of his present subject, we obtain a clearer idea of the writer than we could do from his former work. He never departs from his primary design of setting forth other persons "in their habit as they lived," instead of obtruding his individual concerns upon public attention; and in the portrait gallery he has produced, we look in vain for any professed delineation of his own character and conduct. It so happens, however, that there is nothing to be more distinctly gathered from this volume than the representation of its author which it conveys. That representation is the truer and more impressive because it is insensibly made. We are brought to the knowledge of the man, as we might be if we were acquainted

* *Memorials of his Time.* By Henry Cockburn. 8vo. Pp. 470. Edinburgh—A. and C. Black. 1856.

with him, by what we hear him say and see him do, rather than by what is reported of him.

Lord Cockburn was a distinguished advocate, remarkable for his skill and eloquence, and especially famous for the persuasive power he exercised over juries; but though the *Time* he here describes is that during which he obtained his legal reputation, it is as having doffed his gown that he appears before the world. The man, not the lawyer, is to be seen; and a fine specimen of manhood indeed he is:—strong-minded and kind-hearted; healthy in his tastes and genial in his habits; free from prejudices, and yet of settled convictions; acute in his judgments, but generous in his goodwill; loving art and science and all that tends to mental improvement, but loving nature, whether in men or things, still more; possessed of a fine sweet temper, spiced with northern idiosyncracies; venerating the old, but welcoming the new; and the enemy at once of licentiousness and cant. We love him as much as we admire him. His opinions seem to have been the unaffected result of powerful common sense; but with the manliness thus distinctive of him, was connected the simplicity and playfulness of a boy. Can anything be more charming than this description of the happiness of his country life?

“In March 1811 I married, and set up my rural household gods at Bonaly in the parish of Colinton, close by the northern base of the Pentland Hills; and, unless some avenging angel shall expel me, I shall never leave that paradise. I began by an annual lease of a few square yards and a scarcely habitable farm house. But, realizing the profanations of Auburn, I have destroyed a village, and erected a tower, and reached the dignity of a twenty-acred laird. Everything except the two burns, the few old trees, and the mountains, are my own work, and to a great extent the work of my own hands. Human nature is incapable of enjoying more happiness than has been my lot here; where the glories of the prospects, and the luxury of the wild retirement, have been all enhanced by the progress of my improvements, of my children, and of myself. I have been too happy, and often tremble in the anticipation that the cloud must come at last. Warburton says that there was not a bush in his garden on which he had not hung a speculation. There is not a recess in the valleys of the Pentlands, nor an eminence on their summits, that is not familiar to my solitude. One summer I read every word of Tacitus in the sheltered crevice of a rock (called ‘My Seat’) about 800 feet above the level of the sea, with the most magnificent of scenes stretched out before me.”*

It would be the easiest thing in the world to fill our paper with miscellaneous extracts from the book before us, each of which would have separate merit of a high order. So much of this kind has, however, been already done, in Reviews and Journals, that we should be in continual danger of repeating

an oft-told tale. To give some special interest to our notice, therefore, we shall confine ourselves to one topic of observation, which we will endeavour to present with something like continuity of purpose. The topic we select is that of Religion,—Scotch Religion. We shall give a few quotations from these *Memorials* bearing upon this general subject, and add to them such remarks as their perusal has suggested to our minds. We need not do other than simply follow the order of the pages in which our quotations are to be found.

To our first quotation we append the information, necessary for some southern readers, that Sir Harry Moncreiff was at the time spoken of—the end of the last century—the leader of what we should call the Evangelical, but what seems to have been then called the Wild, party in the Church of Scotland.

“The Sunday suppers of Sir Henry Moncreiff are worthy of record. This most admirable, and somewhat old fashioned, gentleman was one of those who always dined between sermons, probably without touching wine. He then walked back—look at him—from his small house in the east end of Queen Street to his church, with his bands, his little cocked hat, his tall cane, and his cardinal air; preached, if it was his turn, a sensible practical sermon; walked home in the same style; took tea about five; spent some hours in his study; at nine had family worship, at which he was delighted to see the friends of any of his sons; after which the whole party sat down to the roasted hens, the goblets of wine, and his powerful talk. Here was a mode of alluring young men into the paths of pious pleasantness. Those days are now passed, but the figure, and the voice, the thoughts, and the kind and cheerful manliness, of Sir Harry, as disclosed at those Sunday evenings, will be remembered with gratitude by some of the best intellects in Scotland.

“There is no contrast between those old days and the present that strikes me so strongly as that suggested by the differences in religious observances; not so much by the world in general, as by deeply religious people. I knew the habits of the religious very well, partly through the piety of my mother and her friends, the strict religious education of her children, and our connection with some of the most distinguished of our devout clergymen. I could mention many practices of our old pious which would horrify modern zealots. The principles and feelings of the persons commonly called evangelical, were the same then that they are now; the external acts, by which these feelings and principles were formerly expressed, were materially different. In nothing do these differences appear more strikingly than in matters connected with the observance of Sunday. Hearing what is often confidently prescribed now as the only proper mode of keeping the Christian Sabbath, and then recollecting how it was recently kept by Christian men, ought to teach us charity in the enforcement of observances, which, to a certain extent, are necessarily matters of opinion.

“It is not unusual for certain persons to represent Scotland, but particularly Edinburgh, as having been about the beginning of this century very irreligious. Whenever any modern extravagance, under the name of piety, is attempted to be corrected by shewing its inconsistency with the practice of the pious of the last age, this is sure to be

met by the assertion that the last age was not merely irreligious, but generally infidel. There are some with whom this idea is suggested by the mere echo of the words David Hume. With others it is necessary for the promotion of a more ascetic system than the last age would have borne. And, with many it is taken up from mere policy; as for example, when Established Churchmen, who maintain the necessity for college tests, are referred to the long success of the College of Edinburgh without tests, the answer is nearly certain to be that the College of Edinburgh used to be tainted by infidelity.

"I attest that, so far as I ever saw or heard, this charge is utterly false. I am not aware of a single professor to whom it was ever applied, or could be applied justly. Freedom of discussion was not in the least combined with scepticism among the students, or in their societies. I never knew nor heard of a single student, tutor, or professor, by whom infidelity was disclosed, or in whose thoughts I believed it to be harboured, with perhaps only two obscure and doubtful exceptions. I consider the imputation as chiefly an invention to justify modern intolerance.

"As to the comparative religiousness of the present and the preceding generation, any such comparison is very difficult to be made. Religion is certainly more the fashion than it used to be. There is more said about it; there has been a great rise, and consequently a great competition of sects; and the general mass of the religious public has been enlarged. On the other hand, if we are to believe one half of what some religious persons themselves assure us, religion is now almost extinct. My opinion is that the balance is in favour of the present time. And I am certain that it would be much more so, if the modern dictators would only accept of that as religion, which was considered to be so by their devout fathers."*

The contrast between the manners of Evangelical professors in Scotland upwards of fifty years ago and when Lord Cockburn wrote the foregoing sentences, is but the foreshadowing of a more marked contrast presented by a comparison between the former of these periods and the present time. The difference has increased since the Free Church disruption took place. It is lamentable to observe how an earnest religious movement like that of the Free Church, should attach so much importance to matters of external behaviour. This kind of sectarian badge is continually paraded, in one form or another, before the eyes of general society. As to what constitutes the interests, and especially the amusements, of common life, men, on every hand, are seen moving in two different worlds. Their intercourse with each other is often most painfully affected by habits which have no moral quality in them whatever, but which divide them into religious castes. Conversation itself is rendered difficult by peculiarities of expression, adopted as an esoteric language. This is the more remarkable in Scotland, because almost all the persons you meet with there belong to churches holding the same Calvinistic creed and practising the same Presbyterian discipline.

* Pp. 42—45.

We are afraid the agreement originates the difference. Forbidden to contend about the weightier matters of the law, men assert a superiority as to the tithe of mint and anise and cummin. We can respect an outward observance, however absurd it may be, which connects itself with the upholding of some principle deemed to be important; but when we see men increasing the number and strictness of such observances in order to claim for them the importance belonging to principle alone, our charity becomes sorely tried.

Immediately after this description of Sir Henry Moncreiff, the Evangelical leader, Lord Cockburn brings forward Dr. Robertson, the historian, who was the leader of the Moderates.

"Principal Robertson and his family were very intimate with the family of my father. The Principal dined in our house very often, and lived for the last two years of his life very near us, in the house of Grange, where he died in 1793. Many a happy summer day had his grandson John Russell and I in that house. The Doctor used to assist us in devising schemes to prevent the escape of our rabbits; and sometimes, but this was rarely, and with strict injunctions to us to observe that moderation which Mrs. Robertson could never make himself practice, he permitted us to have a pull at his favourite cherry tree. He was a pleasant looking old man; with an eye of great vivacity and intelligence, a large projecting chin, a small hearing trumpet fastened by a black ribbon to a button-hole of his coat, and a rather large wig, powdered and curled. He struck us boys, even from the side-table, as being evidently fond of a good dinner; at which he sat, with his chin near his plate, intent upon the real business of the occasion. This appearance however must have been produced partly by his deafness; because, when his eye told him that there was something interesting, it was delightful to observe the animation with which he instantly applied his trumpet, when, having caught the scent, he followed it up, and was the leader of the pack."*

A pair of pictures relating to another Moderate and another Evangelical will next engage our attention. In correction of the first, we have, however, to say that Dr. Macknight's Christian name was James, not Thomas. His writings are well known to our clerical readers. Dr. Erskine, if not known otherwise, will be generally recognized as the clergyman whose preaching in the Old Grey Friars church, Edinburgh, is described in *Guy Mannering*.

"Dr. Thomas Macknight, the colleague of Dr. Henry, and the Harmonist (as he supposed) of the Four Gospels, lived in Nicolson Street, but crept round the Meadows almost every day. I think I see his large, square, bony visage, his enormous white wig, girdled by many tiers of curls, his old snuffy black clothes, his broad flat feet, and his threadbare blue great-coat. His studies being very nocturnal, his morning walk began about two in the afternoon, and he rarely walked without reading. His elbows were stuck, immoveably, to his haunches, on which they

* Pp. 47, 48.

rested as on brackets, and enabled his arms to form a desk for his book. In this attitude he shuffled forward at the rate of half an inch each step; moving his rigid angular bulk straight forward, without giving place to any person or thing, or being aware indeed that there was anything in the world except himself and his volume. He died in 1800. He was one of the *Moderate* chiefs of his day, and boys stared at him for his queerness.

"But Dr. John Erskine! How everybody revered him! Though able and well read, his reputation rested on the better basis of a fine spirit, operating in all the walks in which liberal religion and active benevolence can be engaged. He lived at Lauriston, not far from us. No Edinburgh figure was better known. If stretched out he might probably have been of the average height; but during his latter years he stooped so much that he was below it. He was one of the very few who in those days were not deformed by hair-powder, and he was distinguished by a neat, well kept, jet black wig, and plain but nice raiment. His face was small, pale, and active like; his figure that of a thin ardent creature. Stooping so low that it seemed as if he was looking for something on the ground, and hirpling along, with his hands in his sides, and his elbows turned outwards, he resembled a piece of old china with two handles. He was all soul, and no body. Never was there such a spectre, or such a spirit. There was nothing that this man would not do for truth or a friend. His language (like that of his colleague Principal Robertson) was good honest natural Scotch. We sat in his church; where he was so earnest, though with none of the Presbyterian roar or violence, that when his gown encumbered him, as it seemed often to do, he let it drop off, and went on almost erect with animation."*

Were we to endeavour to supplement these portraits from the ministers of modern Edinburgh, we should be disposed to choose Dr. Robert Lee and Dr. Candlish as our pair. The one is a Moderate of the Moderates, the other an Evangelical of the Evangelicals. But how unlike they both are to anything that their predecessors were! With their outward appearance we need meddle no further than to say that Dr. Lee is compact in person, neat in dress, and keen in expression; while Dr. Candlish is slovenly, restless and ill-formed. They are both sufficiently pugnacious; but the one uses a small sword, where the other wields a knotted club. Dr. Lee's sermons consist in the enforcement of a somewhat secular morality adapted to the men and things around him, while Dr. Candlish preaches as if there were no other interests in the world than those supplied by the Westminster Confession. The one walks steadily along the common highway of human action, but the other tries to stand upon his toes or to dance in the air. And yet, strange to say, Dr. Candlish, when taken out of his theological sphere, is the better man of business of the two: he is eminently fitted for the successful management of those with whom he is connected; while

* Pp. 53—55.

Dr. Lee, with his clearness of intellect and sagacity of purpose, is left almost alone among his brethren. The sense of the Moderate is inferior in effect to the power of the Evangelical.

Among the most instructive as well as amusing representations contained in this book, is the account it gives of the contention relative to Professor Leslie's election to the Edinburgh Mathematical Chair. That was properly a religious contest, and we shall therefore select some of its most significant circumstances.

"The memorable case of Professor Leslie began early in 1805, and though settled in the General Assembly in May of that year, the public discussion was prolonged till far on in 1806. It made a deep and universal impression. The substance of the case is this.—

"The promotion of John Playfair to the chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, made a vacancy in Playfair's chair of Mathematics. John Leslie, whose recent treatise on heat had placed him high in science, was the only well qualified candidate. He was patronised by Stewart, Playfair, and all good judges who had only superiority of fitness in view; and his subsequent eminence justified their recommendation. But the Moderate clergy, who had long encouraged pluralities, and wished to multiply clerical professorships, allotted the place to one of themselves. They probably cared little who the individual should be, but it was understood, and indeed never denied, that their favourite upon this occasion was the Reverend Dr. Thomas Macknight, the son of the Harmonist: a most excellent man, by no means devoid of science, but unheard of in the scientific world, and not capable of being named seriously as a worthy competitor of Leslie. However, any clergyman would have done: but the first thing was to exclude the layman. The reverend faction therefore began by proposing to put the College Test to Leslie; but this was defeated by his at once agreeing to take it. Not one of the Presbytery of Edinburgh except Macknight had read, or could understand, the work on heat; but somebody told them that that treatise contained a note with these words—'Mr. Hume is the first, as far as I know, who has treated of Causation in a truly philosophical manner. His *Essay on Necessary Connexion* seems a model of clear and accurate reasoning,' &c. This supplied them with the very thing they wanted—a personal exception to the candidate whose science was unassailable. The cry of atheism was raised; a cry seldom raised in vain in this country, and to which the very name of David Hume gave particular force. It was proclaimed that these words, though only applied to physical science, involved the adoption by Mr. Leslie of the whole of Hume's doctrine of Cause and Effect, and of all the moral consequences which that cunning sceptic deduced from it. The course therefore was now clear. The Presbytery of Edinburgh announced first that, by the foundation of the University, the Town Council could only elect '*cum avisamento eorum ministrorum*,' which the clergy held to imply a *veto* in their favor; and then, that the note, being heretical, tainted the whole book, and the book the man; and lastly, that schools and colleges being subject to the presbytery of the bounds, it was both their right and their duty to have this philosopher excluded. The real value of this pretension was, that it would apply to every case in which the clergy could detect what they might think unsound doctrine; and

therefore all the machinery, and all the rancour, of the ecclesiastical courts was put into activity to aid it. No wonder that dispassionate men were alarmed by a conspiracy of which the object was to entitle the Church to control every patron in the election of every professor, and indeed to subject learning once more to priestcraft.

"The weight of metaphysical authority was on the side of the note, and Thomas Brown's fine metaphysical spear shivered all the argumentative weapons by which, as applied to this point, it was assailed. Still the assailants may possibly have had truth on their side, though they fought their battle ill. But metaphysics had nothing to do with the matter. They were the pretence; while a claim of clerical domination over seats of learning was the real subject.

"The Town Council, jealous of the attempt to supersede them, and encouraged by the support of liberal and pious men, stood firm and elected Leslie. The Presbytery, relying on ecclesiastical sympathy, stood firm also; but, after much manœuvring, it resolved to shew its candour by only *Referring* the matter to the Synod for advice. It is honourable to the Presbytery that this course was only carried by fourteen against thirteen. The thirteen were for quashing the whole affair. The inquisitors formed a majority of the Synod; but this body also thought it safest to preserve the outward appearance of impartiality by *Referring* to the General Assembly. Sir Harry Moncreiff instantly entered a Complaint against this Reference—a sagacious move; for it made the Synod a party at the bar of the Assembly, and consequently excluded the votes of its members, and thus ultimately saved the case.

"The prevailing public feeling was strongly against the persecution, and its horrid principle. Toryism was rather in favor of the Church: Whiggism decidedly against it. The two proper Church parties were reversed. The Moderate clergy, more indifferent about scepticism than their opponents, yet liking power above all things, were nearly unanimous against Leslie. The Wild, cordial in their horror of heresy, almost all supported the supposed disciple of Hume. This singular position for them was not produced, as their enemies absurdly said, by their hating their ecclesiastical antagonists more than they hated infidelity, but by their honest incapacity, notwithstanding their jealousy of it, to discover any infidelity in the matter. There could not have been a stronger fact against the persecutors than that, on such a question, they were opposed by the whole evangelical clergy.

"The debate in the Assembly wore out two long days. The result, in point of form, was that the Complaint against the Reference was sustained; the meaning of which was that the conduct of the Presbytery and the Synod was condemned, and the opposition stopped. The respective votes were ninety-six to eighty-four. It is frightful to think that such a result as was implied in the Reference was within twelve of receiving all the support that the ecclesiastical tribunal could give it. The Church could not settle the civil rights of the patrons or the presentee; but if the ecclesiastical decision had been that the presentee was a heretic, he would have been a bold man who would have answered for the Civil Court not giving effect to this decision in those days, when to oppose the Church was to oppose good order and the Government. It was a small House for such a question; but many of the Moderate staid away from not liking the job, and some of the Wild from the words David Hume.

"Some of the speeches, in this the most important Scotch debate I have ever known, were excellent. Sir Harry Moncreiff's, for practical effect, was the best. Avoiding the metaphysical slough into which it was the great object of the persecutors to lead their opponents, he was concise, vigorous, and contemptuous upon the common sense and truth of the case. It must have given the Lord President Campbell, who was a liberal man, some pain to quibble, and with little of his usual acuteness, in defence of a prosecution for which he could have no taste. He suffered severely for his imprudence from Lauderdale, whose appetite was evidently whetted by catching a judge rash enough to expose himself on equal terms in public debate. Adam Gillies and Henry Erskine were strong and useful on the just side; but neither of them equal to James Moncreiff, who on this occasion displayed, for the first time, the vigorous argumentative powers which made him afterwards the most habitually useful layman in the Assembly. Dr. John Inglis, one of the deepest in the plot, was as good as ingenious metaphysics can ever be in a popular assembly. Principal Hill, the successor of Principal Robertson as the leader of the Church, was, as usual, plausible and elegant; and laid out his most dexterous and persuasive lures to fix every waverer, and to recal those who were inclined to forget their fidelity to the Moderate standard. Dugald Stewart closed the discussion by a speech which he meant to have been longer, but inexperience of such rough scenes made him too plain in his indignation, and he was called to order, and sat down; not however till he had delivered a few long-remembered sentences in a very fine spirit of scorn and eloquence."*

"Hermand was in a glorious phrenzy. Spurning all unfairness, a religious doubt, entangled with mystical metaphysics, and countenanced by his party, had great attractions for his excitable head and presbyterian taste. What a figure! as he stood on the floor, declaiming and screaming, amidst the divines—the tall man, with his thin powdered locks and long pigtail, the long Court of Session cravat flaccid and streaming with the heat, and the obtrusive linen! The published report makes him declare that 'the belief of the being and perfections of the Deity is the solace and delight of my life. It is a feeling which I sucked in with my mother's milk.' But this would not have been half intense for Hermand; and accordingly his words were—'*Sir! I sucked in the being and attributes of God with my mother's milk!*' His constant and affectionate reverence for his mother exceeded the devotion of any Indian for his idol; and under this feeling he amazed the House by maintaining (which was his real opinion) that there was no apology for infidelity, or even for religious doubt, because no good or sensible man had anything to do except to be of the religion of his mother; which, be it what it might, was always the best. 'A sceptic, Sir, I hate! With my whole heart I detest him! *But, Moderator, I love a Turk!*'

"It was not without reason that the liberal, all over the country, rejoiced. Those in Edinburgh celebrated their victory by a dinner at which Sir Harry presided admirably. The defeated leaders of the clergy never entirely recovered their reputation. Many of them were excellent, and some of them able, men; but their accession to this plot could never be forgotten. The defeat undoubtedly helped to kill Dr. Finlay-

son, who died in January 1808, without ever having resumed his habitual look of hard calm confidence. Though never exposing himself by a speech or a pamphlet, he was the underground soul of the dark confederacy. When sitting at the bar, pale with vexation, while they were taking the vote by calling the roll, and the issue became visible, Jeffrey, who was just behind, consoled him by saying in his sharp sarcastic style—"Take a little gingerbread, Doctor." The laugh did not relieve him. Giving the critic a slap in the face would.*

The Hermand, whose exhibition of himself is so vividly set forth, was George Fergusson Lord Hermand, a judge of the period, who is elsewhere drawn at full length, and who ought to be immortalized for the judicial deliverance—"He stabbed him after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good God, my Laards, if he will do this when he's drunk, what will he not do when he's sober!"

This famous Leslie battle leads us to inquire if such an opposition to a candidate for an Edinburgh scientific Professorship would be possible in these days. Alas! the reply must be, that it would not only be possible, but, under similar circumstances, it would certainly take place. There is a large and influential party in Edinburgh who are determined to make every public appointment they can influence, turn upon theological considerations; and the strength of that party brings it to pass that their efforts escape the reprobation they deserve, by being yielded to. We doubt if Dr. Leslie's imputed heresy would not now operate to his being quietly shelved without any such healthy sign as the disturbance made in his favour. The Town Council would include a sectarian division, as compact and energetic as any political party could be. When L. Agassiz was proposed, not two years ago, as the occupant of the Natural History Chair, in the place of Professor Edward Forbes, a clamour, on theological grounds, was raised in the Edinburgh Town Council, which prevented the appointment, though it was in the hands of the Government. While we are writing this, a contest is going on for Sir William Hamilton's vacant Chair of Logic and Metaphysics, which, besides being likely to push out the man whose superiority is almost universally acknowledged, in deference to the interests of two religious parties, is also likely to be decided as between these parties themselves on theological grounds alone. It is to be feared that, in Scotland at least, an ecclesiastical tyranny is growing up, under the forms of liberty, which will be found more oppressive than the administration which was based upon the suppression of such liberty. Bigotry may, for the time being, be worse in its operation than any test; though, in the long run, the bigotry will be proved to have lost one of its main supports by the removal of the test.

* Pp. 207—209.

We have the following account of the General Assembly and some of its magnates, in the days when it stood in a much more important relation to the religion of Scotland than it occupies at present.

“In May 1807 I pleaded my first case in the General Assembly; and from that time I have been intimately acquainted with, or rather personally concerned in, all its judicial proceedings. The annual meeting of this convocation was one of the most curious spectacles in Scotland. It gave us the only local images of royalty we had, and carried the imagination far back. The old primitive raciness of the place had not been much destroyed when I first knew it. The civilized eloquence of Robertson had guided its councils, but had left the manners and appearance of the great majority of his brethren untouched; and the strictness with which Lord Leven and Lord Napier, as His Majesty’s Commissioners, adhered, and made every one who came within the royal circle adhere, to court dress and etiquette, seemed like a hint to every fragment of the olden time to remain.

“In 1807 Principal George Hill, of St. Andrews, who had succeeded Robertson as the leader of the General Assembly, was in the fulness of his sway. As he ruled the public proceedings of this ecclesiastical parliament for about thirty years, he must have been a person of considerable talent. But his influence depended on a single power—that of public speaking. Though he was the spokesman of his party, he was not its oracle. Finlayson, with his silence, had a deeper brain, and was a more important man in the real management of the church. And even Hill’s speaking was of rather a limited range. Elegant and luminous in exposition, he was very defective as a debater. The art of replying, indeed, was an art which he rarely even attempted. His almost invariable course was, either to speak first, when he professed to foresee no difficulty, and merely unfolded to his well-drilled followers what they ought to do; or to speak last, when, overlooking all the perplexities and personalities and obstacles of the discussion, he recalled his adherents to some simple general view, which he illustrated clearly, and then relieved them of all further anxiety, by bringing the matter to a distinct point, in a skilful motion. Thus, without force, elevation, or much argument, pleasing distinctness and persuasive evasiveness was his line; and whenever he ventured out of it into the warfare of true debate he was more easily unhorsed than any leader I ever saw. But within this line he was certainly a great artist. His voice was clear and agreeable, his gesture simple, and, though didactic, natural and elegant; his visage dark; his eyes shaded by heavy black eye-brows; his whole manner and expression rather jesuitical.

“The installed rulers of the Assembly after Hill were Dr. Nicoll—a plain, good-natured man, with the appearance and manner of a jolly farmer, and an attractive air of candour and simplicity; and Dr. John Inglis, who, notwithstanding the sad blot of Leslie’s persecution—his only stain, is a powerful and excellent man. He had two enemies to overcome, in his look and his voice, both of which are unfortunate. It is an evidence of his intellectual power that he has triumphed over these obstacles. But a strong and acute understanding, general intelligence, deep and ready reasoning, clear diction, and the manners of a gentleman,

make him a vigorous writer when he chooses to write, and always an admirable debater. No strong adversary ever measured mind against him without feeling his force. In point of power, he could at any moment have puffed Hill out, and crushed him beneath his feet. He is one of the many men who have been wasted and lowered by being cast on an unworthy scene. The powerful qualities which he has thrown away on the ignoble task of attempting to repress the popular spirit of our church would have raised him high and on firm ground in any department of public life. Deducting eloquence and the graces, he is a first-rate preacher. The fanatical taste of the age, however, has gone on diminishing his hearers, till at last his church is nearly empty. Yet his almost bare walls hear as good, if not better, every-day sermons, than are preached in any church in Scotland except by Chalmers. Nor is it any slight mark of his judgment and worth, that though confined to one very limited set of objects, and to one way of dealing with them, his opinions have advanced in liberality and mildness with the advance of his years. His party has sometimes blamed him for intractableness; but when he and they differ I do not observe that he is always wrong. A leader generally sees further round him than his followers do, and seldom differs from them but on strong grounds.

“Except Sir Harry Moncreiff, the Wild (as the Evangelical party is called) have never had an established head. Andrew Thomson and Chalmers have occasionally blazed for them; but the Moderate being the majority in every presbytery, college, and burgh, the Wild never have commanded fixed seats in the Assembly; and this single circumstance has dislocated their force, and prevented their being regularly represented and led publicly by their own chiefs. Thomson moreover is too self-willed, personal, and impetuous to have led his party long even though he had always been a member; and Chalmers, though he has ardently maintained its principles and objects, has been absorbed in achievements so much more splendid, that his exertions in the Assembly, however powerful, form but bright specks in his history; and he has scarcely troubled himself with the private management of the Church’s little affairs. But Sir Harry, throughout most of his life, was the oracle of the whole Church in matters not factious, and the steady champion of the popular side. In comparison with him every other Churchman who has appeared since I knew the world must withdraw. Nothing that I could say would express one-half of my affectionate and reverential admiration of this great man.”*

We confess to a feeling of considerable regret as we look back to the times and circumstances which are thus described. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland has now lost a very great part of its glory and influence. It no longer represents the religious thought and feeling of the people, as it formerly did. The Dissenting Presbyterian bodies that existed in 1807, were small and scattered, and scarcely presented any rivalry to the Established Kirk. That Kirk had then a truly national character. It was not only the acknowledged Church of the country, but the country as such actually took part in its admi-

nistration. Men of all ranks, and from all parts of the land, were united in conducting the business of its great Court. All eyes were turned to the proceedings of that Court, as expressive in a popular form of the interest to which it was devoted. There was no small advantage in this embodiment of national religion. Now the Kirk is but one of three rival sects which almost equally divide the attention of the people. It preserves its outward appearance unchanged at the annual gathering which takes place in Victoria Hall, but it no longer possesses the general attachment of the people. The principal Presbyterian divisions which were organized previously to the Free Church disruption, have been amalgamated under the title of United Presbyterians; and the Free Church itself has split the Kirk into two parts. The people are only interested in that one of these three divisions with which they may happen to be connected. Each of them has its own annual Assembly. The United Presbyterian Synod does not come into any direct collision with the other two; but they set themselves one against the other in a hostile attitude. These two General Assemblies meet at the same time, and, like rival theatres, parade their attractions before the public. The performances at the Free Assembly are far more lively than those of the other company, but both of them are wanting in that range of subject which naturally belonged to the union of the two houses. Each has its own party position, to which it adheres. The Kirk has to keep what it has got against attack, and cannot afford to conduct any vigorous contest within its own pale. The Evangelical lion and the lamb of Moderatism lie, therefore, side by side in its pasture. The Free Church has to establish its claim to orthodoxy and zeal. It cries out, day and night, on all subjects and in every possible tone—"The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are we." This state of things is altogether lower in character and less healthy in appearance than we are desirous it should be; but its most significant indication is, the testimony it affords to the broad fact that the Church of Scotland is, with us, but a name for a thing which has passed away. Presbyterianism did seem, for a century and more, fitted to unite this part of the kingdom in a common religious bond, and that in distinction from the Episcopacy of England; but the union has, in modern times, been completely broken up, and that the more remarkably because all the disunited bodies are still, as we have before intimated, equally Presbyterian, both in doctrine and discipline.

Immediately after the last extract we have quoted, there occurs a notable estimate of the Scotch clergy at the period referred to.

"Throughout nearly the whole of the seventeenth century the Church was the greatest field which our poor country contained for native

talent and influence. The highest places in the state and in the law were open to its professional members; and it was our great asylum of learning. The success of Presbytery, and the consequent extinction of ecclesiastical dignities and wealth, would have soon sunk it in public importance had it been let alone. But it was persecuted; and persecution soon raised it to a greater and better height than it had ever attained in either its Episcopal or its Popish days. Under the Stuarts it combined the clergy and the laity into one brave and animated mass, where it was deemed an honor for the best of the gentry either to lead or to follow. The long and noble struggles of this party, which in truth formed the nation, its cruel sufferings, and its splendid triumph stamped a spirit and a reputation upon our clergy, who had been the principal martyrs and heroes, which a century more could not efface. The Revolution composed these troubles, and clergymen were left to pursue their naturally peaceful callings, with no public interest or influence but what belonged to their obscure avocations. Without professional rank, or political contention, or anything like wealth, and all the rest of the community rising rapidly around them, they kept a high position by being favourably associated in the public mind with the recollection of their history, by the respectability of their characters, and by the best of them always supporting the people in their fixed hatred of patronage. These circumstances sustained them throughout the fifty years or more that followed the Union. A minister was still revered in his parish, and was still welcome in all good society.

“But the elevation of all other classes, which was the principal cause of the depression of this one fixed class, went on; and at length even patronage, which was the last struggle of popularity, was settled against them. From that day the clergy began to go down. Principal Robertson’s ecclesiastical policy tended to divide our ministers into two classes; one, and by far the largest, of which had no principle superior to that of obsequious allegiance to patrons; the other, devoting itself entirely to the religion of the lower orders, had no taste or ambition for anything higher than what that religion required, or could, to ordinary minds, suggest. The old historical glory had faded; and, under the insignificance of repose, it was chiefly a lower description of men who were tempted to enlist in the ecclesiastical service. The humbleness of their livings, and even the well-meant cheapness of their education vulgarized them still more: so that learning and refinement, being scarcely attainable, ceased to be expected; and, with too few exceptions, vegetating in the manse, and the formal performance of the parochial duties, came to be the ultimate object of clerical ambition. A church that is poor, resident, and working is the best of all churches, both for the state and for the people; but it is not one that, in peaceable unpersecuting times, can sustain an elevated clergy.

“Accordingly, the descent of the Scotch clergy throughout the last half of the eighteenth century was steady and marked. Not that there were no distinguished men among them; but there were not many, and they were always decreasing. Mouldering in their parishes was their general doom. And the descent proceeded with always increasing velocity. Take the case of Edinburgh, to which the best clergymen may be supposed to have been allured. About the year 1790 we had Blair, Henry the historian, Hardy the eloquent Professor of Church History,

Principal Robertson, Dr. Erskine, and Sir Harry Moncreiff; all literary and agreeable gentlemen, the delights of all society. But twenty years shewed the change that was proceeding. Sir Harry alone remained, and not one other person had arisen to fill up the sad vacancies. I do not recollect a single work of any importance, which any one of our Established clergy during this time contributed to learning, or to science, or even to theology; and in Edinburgh at least, but I believe everywhere, they had fallen almost entirely out of good lay society.

"Had all this been compensated by higher professional eminence, it might have been said, that what this world had lost the other had gained. But at this period this could not be said with even a pretence of truth. It was the reverse. Until Chalmers and his consequences arose, the theological philosophy and eloquence of the Church seemed to be worn out. And no wonder. Nothing can inspire religious duty or animation but religion. Other causes may produce detached flashes, but nothing else can sustain general devotedness or enthusiasm. But a stern system of patronage, rendered more illiberal by its union with Toryism, tended to exclude all clergymen who were known to cherish a taste for the people and their piety; and to reserve pulpits for those whose ambition ended in pleasing their political masters. This system, though it gave us *cauldrie* preachers, might have had perhaps a tendency to supply society with well educated and agreeable gentlemen; but this consolatory tendency was defeated by the paltriness of the clerical position. A new presbyterian revolution was approaching, which brought out new men, and new dangers, and new popularity, with a necessary elevation of those who shone in it. But about this time the old thing was dead."*

The "new Presbyterian revolution" mentioned at the conclusion of the last paragraph, whatever else it may have done, has certainly not succeeded in elevating the clergy on whom it has operated. The sentence which describes them as formerly divided into two classes, "one of which had no principle superior to that of obsequious allegiance to patrons; the other devoting itself entirely to the religion of the lower orders,"—is still, in a great measure, applicable to the whole body. The most remarkable difference perhaps is, that the first class represents, distinctively, the ministers of the Established Church; and the second class belongs as distinctively to the ministers who are separated from the Establishment. The influence of the latter upon the former must, however, be taken into the account, as modifying all the administration of the old Kirk which can be called popular. It is by imitating the Evangelical furor of the Dissenting sects that the Kirk secures what popularity it has; and thus the general mass of preachers are sinking into the condition in which they have "no taste or ambition for anything higher than what the religion of the lower orders requires, or can, to ordinary minds, suggest."

To a person acquainted with respectable English preaching of

the orthodox type, it is quite marvellous to find how Scotch preaching of the same type is behind the prevalent theology and philosophy of the age. The oldest forms of orthodoxy—Calvinistic orthodoxy—are retained; and the literature cultivated is that of a past generation. The defenders of the faith, instead of availing themselves of modern adaptations, employ a perverted ingenuity in explaining away modern objections. The substance of the creed is so far untouched, that what enlightened men of all persuasions, on the other side of the Tweed, would consider an insult to have imputed to them, constitutes the ordinary staple of pulpit address. Election in its sharpest personal applications,—Satisfaction in its most mercantile requirements,—Eternal Torment without qualification or pity,—are all insisted upon with the confidence with which any one might expound the laws of Nature.

We can hardly believe yet, what we were told the other day, that *Boston's Fourfold State* was used as the text-book of a lady's class in one of the most distinguished churches in Edinburgh;—the church, indeed, which, as we understand, includes more than any other the cultivated class of the community. We know, however, that, on making inquiry as to what book would best express the existing state of Scotch theology, the answers derived from various parties all terminated in *Boston's Body of Divinity*, as the work which would afford the most faithful picture of what we were seeking for.

It is unnecessary to say, in the face of such facts as these, that the professional knowledge of the Scotch clergy must be very inferior. There are honourable and striking exceptions to this state of things, but they are so few as to go for little in the comparison. The small degree of theological science is, moreover, as might be expected, connected with a bigotry and fanaticism to which no epithet is so appropriate as that of—vulgar.

It may be asked how morality flourishes under these influences? And the answer must be unfavourable. It would be so if we were to direct our attention to mere sensuality, upon which it might be supposed that religion, in any form, would put an effectual check; but it would be much more so if we had respect to that higher department of morals which embraces truth and fairness and honour in all their spiritual relations.

And yet the Scotch are a noble people,—among the noblest of people; and it is only necessary that they should be roused to the clear perception of their religious condition, in order to assert their native nobility in connection with it.

The greatest evil as to religion in Scotland is, that there is there no legitimate outlet for the expression of religious opinion which is not conformed to the orthodox standard. It is not that such opinion does not exist. It exists, we are persuaded, to a greater extent than it does in England. Its manifestations are,

however, suppressed by the force with which the existing Church organizations press against any opposing influence. Their doctrinal and ecclesiastical unity is brought to bear, with a power unknown elsewhere, upon whatever differs from the openly acknowledged faith. Howsoever the three chief Presbyterian bodies may be divided from each other, they are all to be reckoned upon for supplying the resistance to be encountered by any anti-Presbyterian movement. Under these oppressive circumstances, there is little disposition to enter into the contest. The consequence is, that what would otherwise appear as heresy in some Christian form, settles down into unbelief. The only confessed Christianity is rejected, and the rejection naturally extends to Christianity itself. Among a very large class, the outward compliance is but the means of concealing an indifference to the whole religious interest to which it seems to pay homage.

There is but one remedy for this. A spirit of honesty needs to be infused into the minds of those who are already alienated from the orthodoxy around them. They have to speak what they think, and act upon what they say. That simple method, if it were but commenced with any vigour by the men who actually feel ashamed of their present position, would soon produce a revolution in Scotch religious society. There is abundant material for the flame, if the spark be once kindled. Multitudes whose unfaithfulness is now causing their religious life to die out of them, would be ready, if their courage was roused by some accident, to attach themselves to forms of Christianity which might resolve the doubts they entertain. By habit and by constitution both, the Scotch character is far better fitted for this termination of doubt, than it is for the infidelity into which it is so frequently driven.

It is our deliberate conviction that Unitarianism is the form of Christianity which can alone afford the refuge we are pointing out: but it is with no view to the immediate spread of Unitarianism that we insist upon the representation we are making. Let an honest expression of opinion be made, and let that opinion be honestly acted out, and we care not, comparatively, by what particular denomination it may call itself. Under the direction of honesty we are sure that Truth must prevail. What we desire, and all we desire, is, that instead of objections and denials secretly cherished to the injury of the spiritual nature itself, that nature should be roused to appreciate and to follow its own sense of right in all that concerns the relation which connects man with God.

Since Lord Cockburn's *Memorials* were written, a remarkable increase both of Church-of-Englandism and Roman Catholicism has taken place in Edinburgh. The former influence especially is rapidly spreading, and its operation among the higher classes

of society is even more significant than its mere progress. This is to be accounted for, most naturally, as arising from the reaction which is produced by the strictness and barrenness of Presbyterian administration. Something is required more gratifying to good taste and a sense of beauty than either the Establishment or the Free Church supply, and that greater practical freedom which is enjoyed under the rule of Episcopacy is more acceptable to intelligent people than the discipline of Elders. We have no great faith in a movement of this kind. It is nearly connected with the indifference we have already reprobated, and it will never be able to satisfy the demands of either Scotch thought or feeling. We see in it a danger to the existing state of things which can only be avoided by a more liberal policy than there seems any chance of being adopted.

R.

LETTER ON THE OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I REALLY cannot join you in your songs of exultation over the late measure of the Government in withdrawing from the London Parks the Sunday Bands which had been for some time past playing there by the order of that very Government. On the contrary, I think it extremely discreditable to all who are responsible for the step. I think Lord Palmerston has lost ground in the respect of all men by the measure. Before he adopted the plan proposed by Sir B. Hall, he ought to have well considered what he was doing. If he gave himself the trouble to think about it at all, which I very much doubt, he must have known that some portion of the religious world would condemn it. He must have known *what* portion of the religious world. He ought to have made up his mind how he would meet the remonstrances that were certain to be presented upon the subject; and having made up his mind, he ought either to have done nothing, or to have firmly maintained what he did. As one who values public order, legitimate government, and the high character of English statesmen;—as one who hates mob rule, class legislation, and the rude despotism of agitators;—I am grieved and alarmed at a measure which has seriously injured the former, and given no small accession of strength to the few dangerous spirits who are silently looking for the latter. Whether regarding it as a political or as a religious measure, I think the wound inflicted by the recent conduct of the Government on our national institutions has been a most deep and serious one.

I agree with you that this measure does not stand alone, but is chiefly important as a sign of what it indicates. Politically

considered, it is a lamentable instance of the weakness and moral cowardice of public men. Religiously considered, it is a very significant indication of the spirit that still reigns among our sectarian bodies, and of the approaching conflict between freedom and spiritual thralldom which ere long will shake every religious institution to its foundations. It is a question, not between music in this Park or that Park of the Metropolis, but between the observance of a Christian Sabbath for one portion of the community, according to their notion of a Christian Sabbath, and the observance of a National Sabbath for the whole people.

May I give you a few of my thoughts on this question, on which perhaps we should not differ so widely as we certainly do upon the wisdom of Lord Palmerston.

I will not attempt the discussion of the whole question. I will not ask after the foundation of the Christian Sabbath, or inquire how far any particular form of it, or indeed any form of it at all, has been imposed by divine authority upon the observance of all generations, in all countries, throughout all time. I prefer taking a nearer and more practical view of it, and looking at man as he is, and the man of England in particular. I say, in passing, only this,—that whatever manifestly tends to promote human happiness and virtue, has the seal and sanction of Heaven stamped upon it; that whatever tends to the degradation of man, and his alienation from the Divine image, and yet assumes the form of an alleged divine command for the observance of it, is a forgery and a lie.

I wish to say, in the first place, that I value the Sabbath as much as you can do. I am no anti-sabbatarian. I do not desire to see our English Sunday degenerate into a Parisian Sunday, and become a day distinguishable from every other day, not by the kind, but only the degree, of its occupation. A little less business,—a good deal more gaiety and amusement,—a day convenient for any great fête, or dinner, or council, or gay assembly of any kind,—this is not the change that I by any means desire to see in the national observance of our English Sabbath. Indeed, the different character of the two people neither require nor would admit of the transformation. But what I wish is, to see the English Sunday become a day of rest, improvement and enjoyment to the whole English people;—not only to the religious portion of the people—as they perhaps somewhat too confidently regard themselves—but to *the whole people*. What I wish is, that going to church, *among a portion only of the people*, and absolute cessation of all appearance of week-day business, should not be the only mark by which this day is distinguished from all other days. I wish the people—the whole people—to welcome its return, and to feel better for it when it is over. I wish it to be a day of universal pleasure, of universal improve-

ment. I do not wish to hear one man saying to his neighbour—perhaps quite as good a man as he (and if not, having a full right *not* to be as good, if he so chooses)—“You must enjoy this holy day *in my way*;—you must do just as I do;—you must go just where I go;—your Sabbath must be *my* Sabbath, or you shall have no Sabbath at all.” There are many of us who do not like to hear this. It is not the tone for the day or the century, or for the atmosphere of a free country. It is too much in the old spirit of dogmatic bigotry, which really seems to be stamped upon humanity like the mark of Satan’s hoof, as if nothing could ever charm away the brand of evil, or wash the fiendish stain out of our nature. We wish to hear such things dealt with in another spirit;—not forgetting justice, while we cling to religion; not losing the gentle, patient spirit of Christians, while we uphold the established institutions of Christianity.

You must remember that, like many other positions in which we often find ourselves as we journey on through life, we here stand between two alternatives. The question is not whether your idea of a Christian Sabbath, if it could be made universal, would not be an institution worth living and dying for, but whether the Christian Sabbath, as it now exists among the millions that people these islands, is such a Sabbath as any lover either of the Sabbath or the people rejoices in beholding. There are two aspects of the actual Christian Sabbath. *You* look at only *one*, ignoring the other as if it were not; but there *are* two. Let us look at both.

It is Sunday morning, and we are in the streets of a large city;—it shall be the great, noisy, crowded, wonderful London. The bells are chiming quietly to church. The sideways are full of well-dressed people—young and old, rich and poor, families and solitary wayfarers—all moving along quietly, yet cheerfully, evidently towards—somewhere. Nobody is sauntering about, except the solitary policeman on his beat; everybody seems bound to some goal. That goal is the house of God. Soon the streets are half deserted: the church doors have swallowed up those moving multitudes. The trampling of feet is heard no more, and there is a quietness and sobriety in what still remains of sound and movement which speaks eloquently to the heart of the thoughtful observer of such a scene. Presently the murmurs of praying multitudes are heard within that sacred pile, or the single voice of one who leads them in their devotions; then the swelling notes of the organ, or the burst of sound from human voices singing the praise of God, or chanting their supplications, falls upon the ear like the sound of many waters, and seems to waft the soul upwards on the wings of prayer and the melody of music. Thousands and tens of thousands at this very moment are thus kneeling in supplication, or lifting up their united voices in sacred song; and from one end of the land to the other does

this holy incense of a nation's heart go up to Heaven like the mighty smoke of an accepted sacrifice. Be it so. Amen, amen! Let none draw near who, if they do not join, at least do not respect, and forbear to disturb this sacred hour of retirement and world-forgetfulness. Let a nation watch over a nation's worship, and guard the door of the Tabernacle where its people are communing with God!

It is a picture that does the heart good to dwell upon. And it is a true picture; but it does not present the *only* aspect of a London Sabbath. There is another picture, equally true, and of a very different character. A nation's worship! Ah, would that the nation *were* within those hallowed walls! Would that it *were* a nation's voice falling on our ear—that a whole people were prostrated in prayer—and that the grateful hymns of a whole people were rising in one united chorus to the Heavenly Throne! But this is NOT so. You know it is not so. We are dealing with FACTS. We do not *make*, but *find* them. And we must recognize, as inquirers after truth, both the evil and the good.

Well, it is the Sabbath morning still, and the same sun which shines upon the assembly of God's worshipers, looks down too upon many a scene which mortal eyes would fain pass by and say *was not*. Stand, for instance, on the Brighton railway, and cast your eye downwards from the arches that span the wide gulf between London Bridge and Croydon. Look upon that dark wilderness of roofs and courts and blackened lanes that lie below you there. Human beings are there—fellow-creatures—feeling joy and sorrow, pain and pleasure, very much as you feel them; having hearts that could be gladdened by the sight of green fields, and by the sound of music or kind words, just like your own. There are souls that might be opened to the sense of beauty, virtue and religion—souls that *might be* happy and good—children of God, as you are—yet victims of misery and vice, from which only God's mercy has saved you. Some hundred thousand are there, and they are only a part and sample of the millions circumstanced as they are now dwelling among all the large towns of England. Are these too few to be taken into the account when deliberating upon a question that affects the whole English people? Are these to be ignored, as if they did not exist, or as if their existence were an insignificant element in the question laid before us for consideration? Go down into those courts and lanes and alleys, and take a nearer view of their inhabitants. What do you see? Bright faces, and well-dressed men and women walking cheerily to church, and leading their children by the hand, making the way to God's house familiar to their young feet? Or is it a different scene you look upon? I cannot draw the picture. You will find it in the Reports of Poor-Law Commissioners, Police Commissioners,

Sanitary Commissioners, Parliamentary Committees, Religious Societies and Private Charities. These all tell the same story. Filth, wretchedness, sickness, squalid misery, all the accessories of poverty, even when there is no poverty. Half-dressed men smoking at their doors or by their dirty firesides, with sullen looks which speak neither of gladness, nor hope, nor patient resignation. Scolding women, screaming children, angry mothers, abused wives, drunken husbands. Sounds and language that suggest rather the thought of some infernal world, the abode of the devil and his angels, than a brighter, happier scene of being, where the sun will be always shining, and where every tear will be wiped away. Hundreds, or rather thousands, waiting till the church is closed, that the public-house may open; and the universal aspect of animate and inanimate things around them being such that you cannot wonder if their strongest, burning desire must be, to bury all sense of it in forgetfulness.

Now these people form a very large class of the community, and by no means an unimportant one. Are we to disregard entirely their wants, desires and privations, when we are framing laws or regulations for the general good? Would it be consistent with justice, with Christian charity, or with sound policy, to do so? Can you offer them no assistance in spending their Sabbath pleasantly and profitably and acceptably to God, but by advising them to go to church, and spend the day as quietly, soberly, heavily and *invisibly*, as possible? Would this be doing as you would be done by?

Look at this part of the subject in another way. The laws of England are made for the people of England. They are not made for the prince, or for the peer, or for the peasant, but for the people. They are not made for the good only, or for the bad only, or for those—very many—who cannot be said to be either the one or the other. They are made for all, as the sun shines on all. Every Englishman has a right to their protection, as every Englishman is amenable to their authority. Nay, more: every Englishman has a right to be considered in their enactment. His life, property, and freedom of thought and action, should always be respected by the framers of them. Now here are two classes of people: the class who go to church and consider the day as one set apart for religious observance, and the class who never enter a place of worship at all and know nothing about religious observance. The last of these two classes is becoming every day more numerous. Now the first have no right to say to the other, "*We* only ought to be considered in this matter. The sanction and authority of the law ought to be given to the support of that religion which it recognizes as a national institution; and those who make themselves strangers to that religion, and abstain from its observances, can claim no right to be remembered in any regulations which have these

observances for their object." Allow me to say that it appears to me very unsound doctrine, and very unsafe in practice, to forget *any* portion of the community when you are framing or supporting regulations that affect every portion of it. Your rights, privileges and enjoyments, are not to be held sacred because you are a professor of the national religion; nor are the rights, privileges and enjoyments of another to be disregarded and set aside because he is *not* a professor of the national religion. He is your fellow-subject, your fellow-man. He is an Englishman and a freeman. He longs after happiness as you long after it. Not finding happiness perhaps, he seeks for pleasure and calls that happiness, just as you do. When he has spent six days and nights amid the smoke, filth and foul air of those wretched dens I have referred to, he sighs to lift himself out of this pit, and ascend into the purer air, and look upon the sky, and feel the fresh breezes of heaven playing upon his breast, and lie upon the green herbage, and pluck flowers of names unknown, and see the trees and the hedges and the green fields, and hear the birds sing, and dream that he has escaped from his prison-house, and is roaming through earth and air as free, happy and wild as they. "Well," you say, "let him do all this; there is no law to prevent him, and we seek to make no such law." But will you go no farther than this? As you would not have two sets of laws for the rich and the poor, for the ignorant and the educated, for the man who enjoys the hopes and consolations of religion, and the man who, *from whatever cause*, is without those hopes and consolations,—then why should you have two sets of sympathies, two sets of charities? You do not wish to persecute these unfortunates; *but why not HELP them?* why not do Heaven's work in seeking to cheer and bless them? They do not spend the Sunday as you spend it; they *will not* spend it so; they *CANNOT* spend it so. Will you therefore say to them that they shall then spend it in gloom, wretchedness and vice? Will you offer no alternative? Will you not assist them in the way towards goodness and beauty and innocent enjoyment, unless they walk precisely in your footsteps? Surely, my dear Friend, this is not the spirit of our great Master. If he were among us now, how would he feel and act towards these wandering sheep of his universal fold? Not as we do, believe me; not as we do, who call upon his name, but are too apt to forget that inasmuch as we do a deed of kindness to one of the least of these his brethren—yea, to one of the most miserable and most forlorn—we do it *even unto him*.

Again: let us look at the question from another point of view. Here are some twenty-seven millions of people shut up together within the very confined limits of our portion of the British islands. Among these, considerable variety of opinion subsists

upon the subject of a strict observance of the Sabbath. This variety of opinion exists even among those who are most strongly attached to our religious institutions and our national faith. Now if every man, or every party, insist upon carrying out his or its own particular views of the observance of Sunday, and is determined to impose those views upon all others, however differently minded they may be, it is evident that nothing but strife and confusion must ensue. It is the old question of walking the streets. If every passenger is resolved to occupy half the causeway, and to go straight on in his own line, careless of the wishes or convenience of his fellow-passengers, it is plain that collisions must continually happen, and the general progress of all parties be interrupted. But by every one giving way a little here and a little there, all move on smoothly and harmoniously to their journey's end. We are obliged to follow a similar plan in every relation of social life. Can we not do the same thing on the Sunday? Why should not each spend it as he thinks best, as long as he interferes with no one else in spending it as *he* thinks best? When there is danger lest such interference should arise, a little spirit of mutual accommodation would probably obviate the difficulty. But the difficulty never will be obviated as long as one party insists upon keeping Sunday just in this way or just in that way, only because it happens to be *their* way. Among many opinions and many creeds, we must necessarily adopt some mutual compromise. We can't get on without it.

If it can be shewn that in the attempts which have been made to provide cheap and innocent pleasures for the humbler classes of our countrymen, whether on the Sunday or on any other day, any injury has been done to the cause of public order or public virtue, then the opponents of such pleasures would have a strong argument in their hands against any extension of these recreations. But the whole evidence adduced upon every inquiry upon the subject goes to prove the direct contrary. The good conduct of the people on these occasions has been truly wonderful, and encourages and justifies any judicious plan for providing still farther opportunities, which they have shewn they know so well both how to value and to improve.

There are yet two other points bearing upon this question of which I would briefly remind you, and then I have done.

First: you cannot do religion or any of its institutions a worse service than by associating them in the popular mind with dullness, privation and a sense of wrong. Secondly: if you would rule the democracy, you must work *with* them, and not *against* them. You must be their leaders, not their antagonists. You must do as Richard II. did with his rebellious subjects,—put yourselves at their head; and then you may lead them almost anywhere. Then you may guide their steps along safe paths,

and so speak to them of good things as you move along together, that they may not hate to hear of them. You may then shew them virtue, beauty and religion, in such forms that they may learn to reverence, admire and love them. You may then awaken all that is good within them by giving, not charity, but sympathy; and by asking in return, not gratitude or servility, but sympathy also,—sympathy for *you* in *your* interests and trials, in the existence and reality of which latter they may then at length believe. This is the way to rule mankind, or any portion of mankind, whether a family of children or a nation of men. But if you *withdraw* from those with many of whose views and habits of life you disagree,—if you separate yourselves from them, and learn to regard them as another and a different class of men, whose interests are antagonistic, whose tastes are barbarous, whose whole character is depraved and vulgar,—then they too will soon learn to regard you as a separate, distinct and hostile class, whom they can neither love nor trust, and whom they *will not* either reverence or obey. When once this idea is firmly impressed upon the mind of a democracy, you may as well attempt to cajole or to direct a whirlwind.

Happily, my good Friend, the guiding of these human currents is in better hands than either yours or mine.

Farewell! Yours most truly,

S. G.

THOUGHTS ON SECULAR ATHEISM.*

CHAPTER VIII.

THE UNSOLVED PROBLEM OF EVIL.

THE question of Evil stands prominently forward (perhaps too much so) in books of Natural Theology. Why is evil permitted to exist among the works of an all-powerful, wise and benevolent Creator, if such be indeed the Author of the universe? This is the standing problem for metaphysical Theists from the time of Job downwards.

Perhaps we ought to confess we cannot solve it, and that we scarcely expect it ever will be solved. It seems, indeed, necessarily beyond the scope of human reason to find an answer to the abstract question, why evil exists. The alternative supposition implied in that question, the supposition of a state of things in which evil never had existed, defies the human imagination to realize even for argument's sake. Can the reasoner distinctly represent to his own thought the state of things which his ques-

* Continued from p. 343.

tion supposes? Does he demand that the human body should have been formed incapable of pain, and the human mind of sin and sorrow? He is demanding more than he imagines even for a future heaven, far as that heaven may be above his power fully to realize. For the highest heaven of his faith is still based upon the experiences of the present life, in which pain and sorrow and sin *have had* place; so that his conception of a future blessed state as free from these evils implies, by contrast, his experience of them in this world. Nay, more; the blessedness of heaven will have been won through the evils of this life. Its triumphs are the subjugation of sin. Its graces are the surmounting of defects. So the theoretical demand for a state of things in which evil should never have held a part, is quite beyond the limits of human imagination. Heaven after earth we can imagine by the help of contrast, though imperfectly; but a heaven without earth, is not for earth-born beings to speculate upon. It is perfectly beyond our power to say why, out of the thousands of possible systems of things which we may suppose to have stood present to the Creative Thought, the existing system should have been chosen. When we talk of thousands of systems as abstract possibilities, we can have no real perception of any such possibility, because all our knowledge is founded upon things as they really are, and our imagination itself can only re-combine the given elements of our actual knowledge. So it is vain to seek an answer to the abstract question why evil exists.

And the question of its degree is almost equally difficult, so long as we believe it to be limited and terminable. Why just so much? Why not less, if God is good? Why not more, if it is not, in every degree, inconsistent with the Divine goodness? We may ask these questions in vain. But it is not a vain or useless effort, to trace out some of the observable laws by which evil is regulated, restrained, economized; and to notice, wherever we can, its actual subservience to good, and its instrumentality in the production of good.

It is customary to view evil as of two kinds, natural and moral; nor can we mend the classification. In other words, there is the evil of pain, suffering, grief, when not connected with conscious wrong-doing, and there is the immeasurably deeper evil of sin and its consequent pains, sufferings, woes. By moral evil is meant vice and its consequences; by natural evil is meant all suffering that is unconnected with evil volitions in the sufferer.

As to the natural evils of life,—those pains, sufferings, diseases, sorrows, which do not condemn the conscience of the sufferer, however sadly they may afflict the body or grieve the heart,—the Theist has no reason to regard them as in any case designed for the mere purpose of inflicting misery, but as instrumental to some other end, or as the necessary accompaniments

of a state of things, the prominent design of which is the production of happiness.

Do we demand why the body should be sensitive to pain at all? We cannot imagine it otherwise without its being also destitute of the sense of pleasure and the most important warnings of danger. The nerves which give us the faculties of sensation with all their varied pleasures, warn us, by unpleasant impressions received, of the presence of injurious objects around, or of the commencement of disease in our own frame. Nor is it to be forgotten that the zest of life's innocent pleasures is decidedly increased by an admixture (within certain limits) of pains and inconveniences. No one knows the full joy of health till he has suffered some deprivation of it; nor does any so well appreciate the comforts of the outward life as he who has earned them through hardship and self-denial. These observations are among the commonplaces of life's wisdom, and for that reason they go far in the illustration of Providence.

When we advance to the more serious sufferings of the bodily life in certain forms of sickness and disease, and to the grave sorrows of the heart in life's domestic and social trials and bereavements, the inner life becomes directly implicated in the question. It is no longer a question of the prevalence of mere pleasure and pain in the human lot, or of the amount of the latter that may be consistent with the Divine goodness to infuse amid the former. But the question now is, whether the pleasure and the pain are to be regarded as the central characteristics and the ultimate purposes of human life, or whether something higher than either is not to be developed through the mixture of the two. That "man doth not live by bread alone," is a truth of our spiritual nature; and because it is so, it meets a conscious response when spoken by him whom Christians revere. That the outward man may perish while the inward man is renewed day by day, has been the religious experience of many who have learnt at once their weakness and their strength. There is something better for man than mere pleasure. There is something purer than happiness. It is goodness; holiness; purity and elevation of heart; love and considerateness for others; the cultivation of the mental and moral powers; the sense of practical religion in and through all that is done and suffered. The true good is not that of the senses, but that of the soul. How often is this discovered, for the first time, in sickness or sorrow! And practised, perhaps, ever after, so as to make the outward good a real good, and the outward evil the spring of inward graces! The great trials of life are ever the great developments of character. The great heroisms of human nature have usually been achieved under a solemn sense of its sorrows, either personal or sympathetic. No man need pretend, indeed, to desire affliction as his own lot. No man does really court

poverty, sickness, bereavement, or any other sorrow. It would be contrary to our nature to do so. Our desires are not, indeed, consulted in the matter. Our option is not whether we will have the trial or not, but how we will receive it when the Power above sends it. And it is the constant record of suffering human nature that the suffering has wrought out a higher good,—a good to the spiritual part of our nature. What does that venerable scripture say about the sadness of the countenance making the heart better? Is not the gain worth the suffering? Nor is this order of good confined to the immediate sufferer. One of the most constant results of affliction is to draw forth the best virtues of others towards the afflicted. It is thus the divine antidote to our selfishness. It marks out human nature and human life as having a spiritual character and destiny, when, in the very act of darkening the outward aspect of things, it discloses the inward treasures of the soul. Natural evil is thus an index to the higher attributes and destiny of man.

Then as regards moral evil, or wrong-doing and its consequences;—we have already seen that the very nature of man as a moral free agent implies his liability to it. His growth, when he grows most strongly, is through experiences painful as well as pleasant. His conquest is through trial and temptation. His rise is laboriously and painfully often, step by step. He could not grow in good, if he were not also liable to the opposite evil.

It seems quite evident that moral evil,—sin, vice, guilt, that is,—cannot be regarded as permitted for its own sake. It is certainly not the final purpose of the Creator. For, though the action is voluntary in the creature, yet its result is the reverse of satisfactory to his experience; and even when the voluntary action has been so frequently repeated as to exert the despotism of habit, the action as well as its resulting misery is still loathed by the slave who still repeats it. We cannot therefore think that vice is permitted for its own sake, as the destination for which the human faculties are formed. Virtue, on the other hand, equally voluntary, but resulting in experiences that make the mind happy and sanction its habits, is by this test the ultimate purpose to which men's actions may be wisely directed. It is that which the Author of our being has plainly sanctioned by our moral constitution.

And now let us notice how, by the law of our own minds, certain restraints are put upon the prevalence of moral evil, and the suffering inflicted in its penal results is, so to say, economized. It is easily conceivable that the painful experiences of wrong-doing might have begun and ended with the individual soul that did the wrong. It is conceivable that, in order to know good from evil and to gain virtuous self-control, we should have had to make proof, each for himself, of the misery of every kind of sin. This is quite conceivable. But, constituted as we are, the

generalizing power of the conscience renders this tremendous experimenting with vice unnecessary. One man's sin and suffering can deter and save as many as choose to open their minds to the natural inference that his suffering will be theirs too if they likewise sin. And, further than this, any one sin bringing sorrow makes the soul that wisely sorrows for it, or wisely observes the suffering of another under it, proof against many temptations of other kinds besides. Conscience generalizes from one sin to all sins, and from one sinner to all sinners; from the root of sin anywhere, condemning the growth of sin everywhere. This is what we mean by the merciful economy observed in the laws which annex suffering to sin. The suffering is made to *go as far as possible*. One punishment prevents hundreds of faults. In the tentative process of moral experience, the probationer is made to suffer for wrongdoing; and then, by the generalizing power of conscience, he feels that all wrong is laid under divine interdict by that one suffering for that one wrong; and beyond this generalizing process in respect to his own experience, he infers the same thing from others' experience too, and knows that the sin which is destroying the health or happiness of another would be fatal to his own. Thus moral evil, however awfully prevalent, is mercifully economized, if we may not say minimized, by the constitution of our souls; and the more our intellectual and moral faculties are developed, the stricter limits will be imposed upon the reign of sin and penal suffering.

Beyond these simple and practical remarks we do not venture upon the abstruse question of Evil. It seems more rational to use the great principles of Theism, as gained from obvious sources, for the mitigation of the difficulties which this question suggests, than to let the abstract question of Evil—perfectly defying solution as it does—stand prominently in the way of the direct intimations of Divine Wisdom and Goodness which the universe presents.

CHAPTER IX. (concluding).

ON INTERPRETING PROVIDENCE.

IF we hold the doctrine of Divine Providence, and understand the principal laws by which the Supreme Director sways the government of the world, it is the most obvious and natural thing for us to desire to trace the actual operations and read the true designs of Providence in the course of events around us. If the principles be true, they must be susceptible of this application, to the extent of our knowledge of the laws of Providence in outward nature and in man. And this application is of the highest importance to human comfort and virtue.

But great caution is necessary in endeavouring to interpret Providence. If it would be irreligious not to acknowledge the

hand of God as always about us, it would be rash and presumptuous to pretend that we can determine the exact design and purpose of every appointment. So complicated is the tissue of events,—so far-reaching are the connections and consequences of each of the world's great laws,—and so limited is our knowledge, so partial our power of observation, so utterly unable are we to foresee the future consequences of many perplexing and trying circumstances,—that we may soon be betrayed into mistake and superstition if we attempt to assign too confidently the precise purpose of every particular event that befalls us; while the general conviction of the doctrine of a superintending Providence is as reasonable to the intellect as it is delightful to the heart and promotive of the virtue and happiness of daily life.

We should interpret Providence, therefore, only so far as we have clear knowledge. Where our knowledge fails, we should be content to leave the interpretation to the possible development of time and experience. Where we can trace clearly the connection of cause and effect, as proceeding according to the general laws of the Divine administration, we may be justified in endeavouring to assign the purpose or final cause of the appointment in harmony with the doctrine of general laws for the general good; and from seeing thus exhibited the designs of Providence, we may learn what is human duty in reference to those expressed designs. But if an event occurs, with the causes and tendencies of which and its nearer and more remote connections we are little acquainted, surely we are not to interpret that event at random, nor to assign to it divine purposes according to our prejudices, or perhaps our passions. How much more philosophical, and how much more truly pious, to confess in such cases, that we “cannot find out the Almighty to perfection.”

Yet it is very common to find these obvious rules of interpretation disregarded. We constantly hear people pronouncing temporal calamities to be *judgments* from Providence for sin. The lightning when it scathes is deemed the messenger of Heaven's vengeance. The sea when agitated by storm becomes, with such expounders, the tomb of God's enemies. Famine and pestilence are boldly pronounced to be marks of judgment. The calamity being suffered, is proof that the sufferers' guilt (or, yet more vaguely, that the guilt of some other persons) was the occasion of it. They only infer the sin from the perceived calamity;—like Job's friends of old, and like those who told Jesus, ages afterwards, of the Galileans cruelly murdered by Pilate. They forget the Lord's remonstrance, “Suppose ye that these were sinners above all the Galileans because they suffered? I tell you, nay.” It is almost equally common with over-zealous expounders of this sort, when seeing, and especially when suffering from, the bad actions of others, to express their expectation that divine vengeance will visit the offenders in the

form of outward calamity. Here they denounce judgments because they see guilt.

But this doctrine of temporal judgments is not consistent with what we know and observe of the majestic course of Providence. It is not the fact that temporal calamities visit all the bad and none but the bad. It is not the fact that temporal prosperity attends all the good and none but the good. Temporal good and evil are chiefly dispensed by other laws than those of moral retribution. There is retribution; but it is of a different kind from this;—it is more discriminative and more appropriate.

To shew that temporal sufferings are in any case the penalty of sin, it must be shewn not only that there is calamity, but that there is guilt. The guilt is not to be inferred from the calamity, but proved independently. And it must be also shewn that there is a natural connection between the two things; that, by the general laws of Providence, the specific sin causes the specific suffering as its natural effect. In the cases usually quoted as judgments, no such connection between cause and effect can be made out to exist. The good and the bad suffer promiscuously; the suffering being caused not by their characters, but by the operation of some great laws of nature, over which the voluntary conduct of the human beings in question had no control. But shew in any instance (and such instances there are) that the evil in human character and actions has produced the temporal suffering as its natural result, and there will then be a plain instance of the retributory government of Providence. Some of the laws of Providence are ordained for this purpose, some for other purposes; and we must not confound together providential arrangements which are so distinct in their purposes. If an intemperate or licentious man entails upon himself disease,—if a fraudulent man loses the commercial confidence of which he has proved himself unworthy,—if the indolent finds his worldly success slipping away while he folds his hands,—here, and in all such cases, the connection of cause and effect is manifest. A moral cause here produces an outward result. Temporal happiness is here contingent upon voluntary conduct, and the law which connects them is a law of retribution. But other laws, alike ordained by Heaven for the wise government of the world, may assign a further measure of temporal good or evil to human beings, independently of their virtuous or vicious conduct, or even without the interposition of their own agency at all; and these laws are not retributive. The good so dispensed does not declare its possessor virtuous, nor does the evil so inflicted point out its victim as wicked. The good and the evil (as we call them) have other purposes to answer. They do not declare the character, but they may help to form and discipline it. They are not the recompence of the past, but they may be the seed of the future, man.

Further: if the sufferings and calamities which Providence ordains are very commonly misinterpreted, scarcely less inaccurate ideas prevail in reference to temporal *mercies*, at least when these are of a striking and unexpected kind. We hear persons speak of "providential" escapes from danger, accident or death; "providential" deliverances from sickness which had seemed likely to be fatal; "providential" blessings in the time of their seemingly greatest need; as if Providence was exercised *only* on such occasions, or as if its special interposition at least was on such occasions put forth. Now we do not object to all such striking occurrences being regarded as providential. They are so, strictly and properly. And they ought to impress the mind with peculiar force by their comparative importance. But they are not *exclusively* providential. They are not more strictly providential than the events which form the even tenor of life, nor than the contrary experience of distressing casualty and misfortune. You tell us of a most providential escape from danger. But suppose the danger had really overwhelmed you, would not that have been providential too? You were prevented by some trifling occurrence from sailing, as you had intended, by a ship which has foundered on its passage, and you gratefully acknowledge the providence of God in your safety. But were those, think you, who are lost, beyond the care of God's providence? Do not let your grateful thanks imply such a thought by the mode of expression you use. Or you have been preserved alive amid surrounding pestilence, and you feel that you owe your preservation to God's good providence. But was it not equally an arrangement of His providence that others died? Beware of impugning providence on the one hand, while you assert it on the other. You have been preserved from destitution, when the near prospect of it stood before you in all its horror, by finding the means of subsistence timely placed within reach of your own exertions. Was not your *need* then providential, as well as its supply? You are blessed with kindred and friends, and you mourn when death separates any whom you have loved from your embrace. But, if to Providence you ascribe the earthly tie, is it not Providence also that unbinds it here to unite it again above? Providence is in ALL things if in anything;—in our distresses if in our deliverances;—and as, in the former, except when they plainly arise out of bad voluntary conduct, we ought not to read judgments; so neither in the latter, except to that extent to which virtue obviously produces happiness, ought we to regard the Divine approval as manifested towards us. Temporal good and evil are not, except in a very limited degree, the signs of God's approval or the reverse, because they are not, except in a limited degree, the results of character and voluntary conduct, or the criteria of man's real weal or woe. But Providence is concerned in ordaining the one

as well as the other. And Providence is as certainly active in the ordinary tenor of our lives, as in those more striking occurrences which impress us more deeply. These are rare, and therefore impress us the more; but reflection tells us that the more stupendous display of the operations of Providence is in that continual power by which we live, and enjoy the very benefits which we forget while we use them. So, if it is right, as it surely is, that we acknowledge God in the more striking and unexpected mercies, it is surely wrong that we should withhold the acknowledgment from the more constant and more numerous. If the one class impress us by their rarity, let not the other be disparaged for their constancy. When gratitude is effectually awakened by the one, let the perception of the other keep the heart grateful; and let the hand of Providence be recognized in all.

And now, having remonstrated against a prevalent tendency to limit the due acknowledgment of Providence, we have to suggest a limitation, or a distinction rather, of another kind which is apt to be lost sight of. We have endeavoured to shew that there is no proper distinction between the greater and the smaller operations of Providence, nor between the joyous and the afflictive events of life, to warrant our regarding either class as providential in any sense that is not equally applicable to the other. But there is a distinction, which it is of the highest importance to our moral health not to lose sight of, according as the secondary agents of Providence towards us are the *properties of irrational nature*, or the *voluntary actions of human beings*. Our lot is partly the result of the laws of Providence in the material and irrational creation; it is partly the result of human agency, through the hands of those to whom we owe our being and our education, of those with whom we stand connected in the various duties and offices of social life, and, perhaps still more than all, of the laws and social institutions under which we dwell. Now it is very possible for a devout-minded man to look upon the evil actions of his fellow-creatures in the false light of a pious acknowledgment of providence, such as disguises their moral evil. Certainly providence extends to human actions, as well as to every other agency in creation. But (as we have already urged at some length) human agency is subject, like every other part of the creation, to its own specific laws, and those laws are such as not to interfere with, but to imply, voluntary choice in the agent and moral right and wrong in the action. That part, therefore, of any one's lot which comes through the voluntary agency of his fellow-men, does not partake of the same fixed and determinate character which belongs to the appointments of Providence in the laws of the material universe. It does not bear the same stamp of absolute divine decree, before which man must bow and conform himself, with no option of

acquiescence or rejection. That which comes through man's agency may have in it the character of moral good or harm, qualities which do not belong to what we style the *natural* appointments of Providence. So that it may be morally wrong to acquiesce in the moral evils of others' doings. Where God acts through the operation of the *natural* or *physical* laws of the world, we are bound to regard the good or evil thus produced as strictly the appointment of His providence, to receive it as He sends it, to adapt ourselves to it and avail ourselves of its agency, and to seek in ourselves the moral improvement which it is capable of promoting. But, so far as our condition is influenced by human actions or human institutions, while that which comes to us through this agency is no doubt, in one sense, a part of the will of an all-comprehensive Providence, it is not to be taken, like the other, as the result of the inscrutable will of God, to be acquiesced in as unerringly right, and to be used as that which cannot be altered and must not be questioned. That interpretation of providence therefore is wrong, which palliates guilt because the guilty are included in the circuit of God's providence, or which represents it as a religious duty to submit to the aggressions of human tyranny or the mistakes of human ignorance. Moral right and wrong essentially attach to human actions; and we naturally and unavoidably (so long as we reverence our own reasoning and moral powers) judge those actions of our fellow-beings which affect us, to be right or to be wrong. Besides, they may be injudicious, or ill directed, without being morally wrong. And we are not quietly to take whatever is thus offered. We are not to regard the evils to which we find ourselves subject through the ignorance, the shortsightedness, or selfishness or wickedness of our fellow-creatures, as the absolute will of Providence, to be acquiesced in with the same patience and resignation as those evils which come upon us through the physical laws of the world.

In one sense, no doubt, and the appropriate sense of the words, all the evils that mankind suffer at the hands of their fellows are part of the great plan of Providence (and human agency is indeed so mixed up with the operation of involuntary agents that we can scarcely separate them); that is to say, human nature in those whose conduct is the means of suffering to their fellows, is under the control and amenable to the laws of Providence. But, precisely in the same sense, Providence operates through the same human nature in other human beings, in impelling them to seek redress for the wrongs of the oppressor, and protection or refuge from the attempts of the violent. If Providence permits the wrong through human agency on the one hand, Providence as certainly checks it through human agency on the other. If it is not without the permission of Providence that the depraved lust of power or wealth in some has not scrupled to enslave their own

species, Providence yet more plainly controls the wrong by instigating the spirit of the slave to rebel and of humanity to aid him. If the robber and the assassin are under the control of Providence, that control is in a great part exercised through the law of self-protection in honest men, giving rise to all the institutions of civil justice. If, in the course of Providence, human liberties on a larger scale are trampled upon, it is plainly a part of the same Providence that injured humanity should rise up more firmly in the assertion of its rights. If unjust laws oppress, it is part of the course of Providence in the breasts of those who suffer from them to aim perseveringly at their amelioration.

In short, we judge, and ought to judge, of human conduct by considering it simply *in itself*, in reference to its own intrinsic moral qualities, and not by regarding it as a part of the whole system of God's providence. The latter would be to pervert the faculty of moral distinction by a narrow fatalism of theory. That God brings good out of the evil actions of men—a grand fact often displayed in the wide course of Providence—does not make those actions other than evil in their motives, or other than penal in their consequences to the agents. Actions must be tried by the *preceptive* laws of God, and not by their supposed possible relation to the intire plan of His providence. It has been well said, "God wants not human sins to fulfil His purposes;" though His benevolent purposes are seen in the very laws which control and punish those sins. We are forbidden by conscience as well as scripture to do evil that good may come; nor ought we ever to look upon evil with complacency, in others or in ourselves, even when we regard the moral as well as the natural world as under the guidance of Providence. Evil may be for ever a mystery, but it can never be a good. So neither is it required by a religious view of Providence to bend before the injuries or the misfortunes which befall us through the agency of men, with that submission with which we should receive the direct dispensations of the Heavenly Will. Religion teaches with what spirit such things should be borne, or guarded against, or resisted; whereas, if they were viewed as the inevitable will of Providence respecting us, it would then seem a sinful fighting against Providence to seek redress against the plunderer of one's property, or to attempt the deliverance of one's species from slavery, or of one's country from political wrongs. A just interpretation of Providence as comprehending and guiding all things by laws appropriate to each part, will always sanction instead of abrogating the duties and relations of man to man.

With these suggestions guarding against its abuse, the doctrine of a Divine Government may be left to make its own application. The virtue and the happiness of human life at every step are connected with this belief. What energy it imparts to wise and virtuous exertion to feel intelligently convinced that we work in

co-operation with the laws of nature, and with the moral will and design of Him who ordained those laws for the good of all! What power of brave endurance and submission is given by the feeling that we are enduring the discipline and submitting to the trials which the Parent Mind ordains for our real and spiritual good! Activity in work, and patience in suffering, and cheerful faith in all circumstances, is the grand moral of the theme which asserts eternal Providence. He who thus believes must be a better and happier man for possessing such convictions than he could be without them. He may frankly confess difficulties which even his religious philosophy leaves still unsolved; but he holds no intellectual contradictions, he feels no pressure of unmitigated and hopeless evil upon his heart. Inspired with this faith, his

“Life is energy of love,
Divine or human; exercised in pain,
In strife, in tribulation; and ordained,
If so approved and sanctified, to pass
Through shades and silent rest, to endless joy.”
(Excursion, end of b. v.)

THE CLERGY AND BISHOPS OF THE REVOLUTION.

IN the original rough draft of Bishop Burnet's *Memoirs* now deposited among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, are some curious passages which were omitted in the book as printed. In a recent No. of *Notes and Queries*, some of the more curious of these omitted passages have been printed. His description of Church matters subsequent to the Revolution is far more racy in the suppressed than in the printed narrative:

“The clergy did generally take the oaths, yet many of them discovered a great jealousy of the government upon the account of the favour that was shewed to the Dissenters, and all King James's party spread reports over England that the King was a Presbyterian in his heart; his abolishing Episcopacy in Scotland, and his consenting to the setting up of Presbytery there, gave great credit to the report, which was studiously infused into the leading men of the two Universities, and began to have very ill effect over all England; those who did not carry the suspension so far as to the pulling down of the Church, yet said that a Latitudinarian party was like to prevail, and to engross all preferments. These were thought to be less zealous for the ceremonies, so it was given out that at least the zealous men for the Church would be neglected, while those that were more indifferent would be trusted with the government of it; *and because many of those were men that studied to make out all things by principles of reason, and had with great success both proved the truth of the Christian religion and the grounds of morality from rational principles, it was said they denied mysteries and were Socinians.* This aspersion had been first cast on them by Papists, on design to disgrace a knot of divines that had both written and acted with much strength against them, and it was now taken up by some at Oxford; all which was managed and secretly set on by Clarendon, and some of the Bishops that were now falling under deprivation.”

SOUTHEY'S LETTERS.*

THESE volumes include large portions of Southey's letters between the years 1790 and 1839, nearly half a century. They throw much curious light on the men and events of the most interesting period of English history since the Reformation and the Civil War. They are essential to the right understanding of the character and genius of Southey. They abound in curious literary information, notices of authors and books out of the common track of every-day readers, and in antiquarian facts of various interest. To the editor they owe little of their value. The repetitions of thought and narrative are frequent. The blunders of the press are both numerous and bad, strangely perverting names of authors and places and Greek and Latin words. The notes are of little value, and those of the last two volumes are disfigured by personalities which we do not always comprehend, but which are, we suppose, replies to hostile criticisms on the first two volumes which have appeared in the *Quarterly* and other Reviews. Whether the critics of Mr. Warter are "parvenus" or "men-milliners" in literature, few readers of these volumes will care to inquire. Such petty quarrels are discreditable to literature. Mr. Warter cannot be complimented on his prudence in admitting letters which will rouse up a host of detractors from Southey's fame. He takes credit to himself for avoiding "hurting the feelings of any man living." He forgets that men may be grievously hurt by disrespect to the memory of those that are gone. He also pleads that he has "crossed out all names the mention of which might give pain." In a period so recent, and with the history of a life so familiar as Southey's now is to the public, names are not always needed to enable the reader to understand a *piquant* anecdote or a sly allusion. We believe that we could at once supply three-fourths of the names omitted in these four volumes. Notwithstanding all these considerable drawbacks, this collection of letters will probably have a permanent place in English literature. They illustrate in the most interesting manner the character and opinions of a man as estimable as he was remarkable, and a writer who, in his prose compositions at least, has done honour to his native language. To a disingenuous critic, these letters afford abundant materials for criminating their writer. They exhibit inconsistencies of a glaring kind, irritability, excessive egotism, daring depreciations of opponents, political and religious, false prophecies, political economy of the worst description, and party politics irreconcilable with English liberty and constitutional freedom. While admitting the existence of these defects, the

* Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey, &c. &c. Edited by his Son-in-law, John Wood Warter, B.D., Christchurch, Oxford, Vicar of West Tarring, Sussex. In Four Volumes. London—Longman. 1856.

ingenuous reader will perceive in these letters unmistakeable tokens of the writer's honesty of purpose and independence of character, his unflinching industry, his generous and true attachment to his friends, his domestic amiability, and proofs of taste and learning seldom equalled, never surpassed, in the departments of literature in which he took most pleasure.

Southey's egotism adds considerably to the interest of his letters. They form the best possible history of his life. How nobly did he in youth resist temptations of no common force to enter the Church! He had forgotten his own experience and the workings of his youthful mind, when, forty years after, he eulogized Fred. Maurice's strange pamphlet, entitled, "Subscription no Bondage," as one which "Hooker or Bacon might have written had they been living now," and as calculated to expose the "hollowness of the philosophy of the most self-sufficient utilitarian." His letter to his friend John May, of the date July 19, 1797, is a charming bit of autobiography, which ought to administer a rebuke to those men who, from any motives (whether *utilitarian* or selfish), sign articles which they do not believe.

"I sincerely thank you for your letter; its contents are strange; and I am inclined to think when my uncle blamed me for not doing my utmost to relieve my family, he must have alluded to my repeated refusal of entering into orders; a step which undoubtedly would have almost instantly relieved them, and which occasioned me great anguish and many conflicts of mind. To this I have been urged by him and my mother; but you know what my religious opinions are, and I need not ask you whether I did rightly and honestly in refusing. Till Christmas last I supported myself wholly by the profits of my writings. When I left Lisbon I had £30 from my uncle, of which a large part was expended in paying my passage and the journey home. When my determination was made not to enter into the Church, I instantly quitted the University, that my uncle might no longer be inconvenienced by me. I applied for a clerk's place in a public office, and my republican principles occasioned my ill success. At this time my acquaintance with Coleridge commenced; I had all the enthusiasm which a young man of strong feelings and an acute sense of right and wrong can possess, and resolved to go to America and attempt to establish a better system. We hoped to raise a sum sufficient amongst us, and I had then expectations that the reversion of a family estate might be sold, which has since proved worth nothing. Wild as the plan was, it wanted not plausibility, and my mother would have gone with us had it taken place. At the end of 1794, I found myself disappointed in this; my aunt, with whom I had previously lived, had turned me out of her doors; and I would not be burdensome to my mother, though my quitting her was against her wishes. I went to Bristol to Coleridge and supported myself, *and almost him, I may say, for what my labours earned were as four to one.* I gave lectures; I wrote indefatigably; nor is there a single action of this whole period that I would wish undone. * * * Thus you may see that the only means I have ever possessed of assisting my mother was

by entering the Church. God knows I would exchange every intellectual gift which he has blessed me with for implicit faith to have been able to do this. I have urged her to come and live with me. * * I care not for the opinion of the world, but would willingly be thought justly of by a few individuals. I labour at a study which I very much dislike to render myself independent; and I work for the booksellers whenever I can get employment, that I may have to spare for others. I sent ten pounds when last in London to Edith's mother, whose wants were more pressing than those of my own. I now do all I can; perhaps I may one day be enabled to do all I wish; however, there is One who will accept the will for the deed. God bless you!"

There is much that is deeply interesting in the early letters of Southey. There is little of that egotistical irritability which afterwards disfigures some of his most interesting confidential communications with his friends, and not much of that angry and sometimes savage feeling which converts every political opponent into a personal enemy.

The following extracts from letters written in the year 1806, will be read with interest even by those who may not agree with every opinion expressed in them:

"Feb. 25.

"I am reading, as relaxation, the Italian 'History of Heresies' by Bernino, which I bought in Edinburgh,—a book highly useful to one who knows how to arrange what new ideas it may present, and how to discriminate between truth and falsehood. Beausobre, for which I have been groaning these many years, is on the road to me; John May has procured it from Paris. I had no notion that it was so scarce a book. Without this, I felt myself very deficient in that part of religious history which relates to the connection between the superstitions of Europe and the East.

"The 'History of Heresies' is in other words that of the corruptions of Christianity,—every addition to the system being opposed as it was introduced. This is a key to Church History. But among the earlier sects who sprang up before the mythology was added, some rejected Christ as an unfit nucleus to enrust with their fables, and endeavoured to substitute Moses or Melchisedek, as the philosophers did Apollonius Tyaneus and Pythagoras. Others more boldly set up for the Paraclete, in which, as you know, Mohammed followed them and succeeded. The Church triumphed over all, sometimes by a silent absorption. Thus Manicheism is fairly taken into the faith; and John Calvin and John Wesley only repeated what they believed Manes was damned for bringing into Europe—the belief in Two Principles."—I. 360.

"March 19.

"Beausobre's book" (the History of Manicheism) "is one of the most valuable that I have ever seen. It is a complete thesaurus of early opinions, philosophical and theological. It is not the least curious circumstance in the Catholic religion, that it has silently imbibed the most absurd parts of most of the heresies which it opposed and persecuted. I do not conceive Manes to have been a fanatic; there is too much philosophy in the whole of his system, even in the mythology, for that. His object seems to have been to unite the superstitions of

the East and West; unluckily both priests and magi united against this grand scheme. The Persians flayed him alive, and the Catholics roasted his disciples wherever they could catch them. Beausobre, as I expected, has perceived the similarity between Buddas and the Indian impostor; but he supposes the lie came from the East. I am inclined to think otherwise, because the story of an immaculate conception had succeeded so well here, that one going to set up a religion of his own would be likely to borrow it; and because I have found elsewhere that the Adam whose footstep is shewn in Ceylon, was a Manichæan disciple, though both Moors and Portuguese very naturally attributed the story to their old acquaintance. A proof this that the immediate disciples of Manes were successful. Besides, Asiatic fables are full of resemblances to Christianity, which have been advanced by Dupuis and Volney, on the one hand, to prove that the whole is astronomical allegory; and by Maurice and Hallet, on the other, to shew that the mysteries of religion were revealed to the Patriarchs. These gentlemen should first have required (*inquired?*) when this trade in mythology was carried on.

"If there is anything in which the world has decidedly degenerated, it is in the breed of heresiarchs. They were really great men in former times, devoting great knowledge and powerful talents to great purposes. In our days they are utter arrant madmen, or half rogues, who pick out the worst parts of the established creed. * * * I am afraid that in all these cases it may be laid down as a general rule, that the more nonsense the better.

"Metaphysicians have become less mischievous, but a good deal more troublesome. There was some excuse for them when they believed their opinions were necessary to salvation; and it was certainly better for plain people, like you and I (*me*), that they should write by the folio, than talk by the hour. What a happy thing would it have been for Stoddart, had he been born in those ages when transubstantiation was philosophically explained, and the divine and human natures subjected to synthesis and analysis in the crucible of a metaphysician's skill! (*skull?*).

"The reign of fabulous Christianity must be drawing to its end. In France it is over, unless Buonaparte should take it in his head to endow the Church better, for which I do not think he wants inclination so much as money. In Germany the thing is done,—the clergy are philosophising Christians, or Christianising philosophers. In my countries, Spain and Portugal, the old house stands; but there is the dry-rot in its timbers, the foundations are undermined, and the next earthquake will bring it down. Here I do not like the prospects. Sooner or later a hungry government will snap at the tithes; the clergy will then become state pensioners or parish pensioners; in the latter case more odious to the farmers than they are now; in the former, the first pensioners to be amerced of their stipends. Meantime the d——d system of Calvinism spreads like a pestilence among the lower classes. I have not the slightest doubt that the Calvinists will be the majority in less than half a century. We see how catching the distemper is, and do not see any means of stopping it. There is a good opening for a new religion, but the founder must start up in some of the darker parts of the world. It is America's turn to send out apostles. A new one there must be, when the old one is worn out. I am a believer in the truth

of Christianity, but truth will never do for the multitude; there is an appetite for faith in us, which if it be not duly indulged it turns to green sickness, and feeds upon chalk and cinders."—I. 368—371.

It was at a somewhat earlier period that Southey thus characterized the writings of Robert Robinson, of Cambridge:

"A friend brought me Robinson's '*Ecclesiastical Researches*.' He has as much wit as Jortin, and yet never ceases to be serious; and with erudition at least equal to Mosheim, possesses a candour and discrimination which Mosheim wanted. Have you read George Dyer's '*Life of Robert Robinson*'? It is the history of a very extraordinary man, told with infinite simplicity by one as extraordinary as himself."—I. 33.

Southey, like the late Dr. Shepherd and Mr. Samuel Rogers, was one of the "sad friends" of truth and freedom who visited Gilbert Wakefield in his dungeon at Dorchester. A few years after, he describes a visit he paid to Bishop Watson.

"Last Thursday I dined at the Bishop of Llandaff's, and was well pleased with him. I liked him the better for having heard that he always protested his exceeding repugnance at the persecution of Gilbert Wakefield. His conversation was in a tone of exceeding liberality, even more than appears to me quite congruous with his silk apron; for certainly the articles of his faith are not all to be found among the nine-and-thirty, nor are all the nine-and-thirty to be found among his."—I. 390, 391.

Of the successive literary undertakings of Southey, these letters contain ample details. Of his dealings with editors of reviews, from Dr. and Arthur Aikin to Gifford and his successors in the *Quarterly Review*, many amusing traces appear. How often his articles were mutilated, and sometimes how they were interpolated, he makes repeated complaints. His revelations respecting the *Quarterly* and its management have already roused a literary quarrel which promises to be amusing, if not instructive. Early in the century, he had conceived the plan of a noble literary undertaking, which has since been very imperfectly and by inferior hands carried into execution in one of the useful publications of the Messrs. Chambers. He thus describes, in 1803, his intended plan:

"I have settled everything with Longman, and am to manage a *Bibliotheca Britannica*, of which this is the design: To give an account, chronologically arranged, of all the books in all the British languages, with biography, criticism and connecting chapters, so as to form a connected history of English literature; each volume, 800 pages in quarto; each page, forty lines; terms, £150 per volume to me, as editor and manager in chief, and absolute director; four guineas per sheet for what is written, five where the subject author has written in Saxon, Welsh or Latin. The work will be published in half volumes, like the *Cyclopædia*, and we talk of having the first part out by Christmas, 1804. So far is settled, and somewhat farther; for I have got the refusal of a house at Richmond, which will be vacant in November, and have arranged

with Longman and Rees that they shall advance me £150 to furnish it; and still further than this, I have got half-a-dozen helpmates already; Turner for the Welsh and Saxon; Carlisle for the surgery; Captain Burney for the voyages; Rickman for Roger Bacon, and what else he may like; Duppa for books of art. Everybody likes the scheme, which is the most important that has ever been undertaken in this country. I calculate upon writing a quarter part of each volume, upon the average, and thus clearing £250 by each. 'Tis a huge work, but I like it, and can live upon it, while I finish my History and get credit by it into the bargain."—I. 219.

In little more than a month after, he tells his friend John May that the Bibliotheca is delayed by the fears of Longman, and no more is heard of the scheme. Could that powerful publishing firm have foreseen the fame which their author was to acquire as a prose writer, and that they would in their after transactions with him be paying at the rate of £600 for a small volume of biography, they would not have so easily abandoned a scheme so full of promise as a Bibliotheca Britannica edited by Robert Southey.

Towards the close of his active literary life, he meditated and had made preparations for a series of selections from the best English divines, with a general introductory preface, which was to contain an historical account of the English pulpit, and with lives of the authors, somewhat on the scale of Johnson's Lives of the Poets. For "Selections" we have little admiration, but the want of the "Lives" is a loss to be lamented.

The vehemence and unreasonableness of Southey's political notions during the latter half of his life, and the tenacity with which he clung to all his prejudices, may in part be accounted for by his seclusion from general society, and from the fact that those with whom he chiefly conversed and corresponded were ladies and persons inferior to himself in intellectual activity. Had Southey lived in London instead of Keswick, and been in the habit of associating with men able to cope with him in knowledge and vigour of thought, many of his intellectual excrescences would never have existed, and his opinions would have been more in harmony with his age. The natural kindness of his heart was shewn in his tolerance in his personal friends of opinions however extreme. Thus beautifully did he write of William Taylor, of Norwich:

"My old friend William Taylor, of Norwich, is dead, with whom I have passed many pleasant hours in former years. He is one of those persons whom I shall rejoice to meet in a better state of existence; and meet I trust we shall, though we travelled by different roads. * * * His has been an ill-fated life. His father retired from business with a good fortune, as it was thought, some fifty years ago. Their only child therefore was not bred up to any profession; and it was too late to enter upon one when he found that the far greater part of his father's property was lost by the villainy of one upon whom they had placed entire

reliance; marriage therefore was out of the question; and having devoted himself wholly to his blind mother and his father as long as they lived, he was left alone after their death. He had no comfort in his opinions; and when not engaged with books, or in company, sought for consolation from the habitual practice of smoking,—an evil habit which he brought from Germany in his youth, and abandoned himself to it during the latter part of his life. In his better days he was a delightful companion, and a man more thoroughly kind and generous in all his feelings I have never known. His works will be pilfered without mercy and with little danger of detection. Yet had he been educated, and trained in the way he should go, with his talents, his industry and his good qualities, he might have lived a happy life, and left behind him a great and enduring reputation.”—IV. 440, 458, 459.

The fourth volume contains some of Southey's letters about “The Doctor,” which he published anonymously, and respecting the authorship of which he takes some pains to mystify his correspondents. He himself tells the story of what a certain doctor said of the Leamington physician, that “nobody thought anything of him till he took the *quackery* line.” This was as inapplicable to Southey as it was to Scott when he took to mystification in respect to the authorship of the Waverley novels. The reputation of both was established. Yet both authors knew that there were advantages to be got by “playing at bo-peep” with the public. If a moralist were asked whether these distinguished men were justifiable in all they said and did in keeping up their *incognito*, we have little doubt what his answer would be. In Southey's case, the love of fun had a good deal to do with the mystification. Right merrily must he have laughed at his success in mystifying his good lady correspondents.

A few extracts will indicate how rich these letters are in literary anecdotes, and in criticism on books and their authors:

Hayley's Autobiography.

“There will not be much of me for worms' meat; but think, what pickings the booksellers will have of my remains! Sir Richard Phillips, of the ‘Monthly Magazine,’ used to rub his hands and chuckle for joy when he heard of ‘a good death’ for his Magazine. Hayley is the only author I ever heard of who contrived to enjoy the benefits of his own death by anticipation. He wrote his own life and sold the copyright of it to Colburn for a handsome annuity, calculated no doubt upon the probability of his dying soon. But, to Colburn's dismay, he lived and lived and lived, year after year, till Colburn thought he was going to live for ever, or at least that his life had been pitted against Old Parr's by some superior power. And when he died at last, and all which it would have been monstrous to publish was by Dr. Johnson's interference cut out from the manuscript, the book never paid the mere cost of publication.”—IV. 450, 451.

Value of Copyrights.

“After all, it is mortifying to reflect how little the benefit will be in proportion to the desert. Voltaire's works would perhaps for ever form

the best literary estate in France; Lord Byron's, for another generation, in England. Burns' 'Justice' and Taplin's 'Farriery' no doubt were the most productive works of their age. When M.'s affairs were in a bad way some few years since, and the Conscript Fathers in the Row were talking over the copyrights to which he could trust, they fixed upon Mrs. Rundle's Cookery Book for the life-buoy which was to save him from sinking."—IV. 511.

A rare Book.

"The book which Wilkin mentions as not being in the Museum, and not having been found by him, I happen to possess. Its title is, 'Shibboleth, ou Reformation de quelques Passages dans les Versions Francoise et Angloise de la Bible. Correction de diverses Opinions communes, Peintures Historiques et autres matieres (matieres!). Par Jean Despagne, Ministre du Saint Evangile. A Geneva, 1671.'" On the fly-leaf I have made the following note, from Todd's 'Memoirs of Brian Walton' (I. p. 89): 'This Shibboleth was originally dedicated 'A son Excellence Messire Olivier Cromwell, General des Armées de la Republique d'Angleterre.' The author, according to Mr. Todd, courted Cromwell's notice, by attempting to depreciate the authorized English Version, at a time when Parliament had ordered a Bill to be brought in for a new translation, as a kind of counterbalance on the part of the Republican theologians to Walton's 'Polyglot.'

"The dedication is omitted in this edition; but Jean D'Espagne may certainly be acquitted of any timeserving views, in his 'Biblical Researches.' If such an expression may be permitted, the Bible was his hobby-horse. He is a theologian of Mr. Bellamy's class. Mr. Todd says this is a very uncommon book. It is certainly a very curious one. Bayle says, 'Cet auteur est assez digne d'être lu, son Livre des Erreurs populaires content de très bonnes choses.'"

There is an error here. The "Shibboleth" and most of the other works of Despagne have long been in the Library of the British Museum, although in the printed Catalogue they will be found only under the heads "Espagne" and "Despayne," the latter being the Anglicized version of the name by the translator.

Despagne is an author, we may add, deserving of more attention than he has latterly received. He was a thoughtful and independent expositor of Scripture. He anticipated Dr. Lardner in his vindication of the moral character of Mary of Magdala. Those who are curious on the subject may find a translation of some interesting passages where they might least expect them, in the notes to Southey's "Roderick, the Last of the Goths." (See "The Poetical Works," ed. 1838, Vol. IX. pp. 321—323.) The rare "Shibboleth" may be found in Dr. Williams's Library, and also the English translation of it, made in 1655, by Robert Codrington. The copy possessed by Southey was one of the two volumes which contained the collected works of Despagne. It is very remarkable that most of the works of this author were translated into English between the years 1647 and 1655. The Robert Codrington who translated the "Shib-

boleth" was a Puritan gentleman of Norfolk, educated at Oxford, who sided with the Parliament in the civil war, and who devoted much of his time to executing translations from the French. He lived during the latter part of his life in London, and fell a victim to the plague there in 1665. Some particulars respecting him and his works are given in the *Athenæ Oxonienses*, Vol. III. p. 699; but Wood does not mention his translation of the *Shibboleth*.

Here is Southey's judgment on C. J. Fox's historical work, given in 1808, before his quarrels with Edinburgh Reviewers and his connection with the Quarterly had destroyed his early liberalism:

"The importance of the subject on which he treats everybody must feel. I know not whether others feel the thorough and degrading meanness of all the circumstances recorded, and of all the characters brought forward, with the single exception of Sidney (for Russell was nothing but a martyr), and probably of that *republican maltster*, if we knew more of him. There is, however, enough known to place him in my political Kalender. In recording the events of that age, which no true Englishman can remember without feeling shame for his country, and almost for human nature, no sentiment can be excited except of hatred and disgust which approaches to loathsomeness. * * * It was the Bishops who saved us; and to be saved by such Bishops reminds me of Beelzebub casting out devils. All this relates to the matter of the history. The manner it were unfair to judge of otherwise than favourably. It appears that Mr. Fox had right notions concerning the nature of narration, without any discussion of disputed points and jarring authorities. The text is now full of these discussions, but it cannot be doubted that he would have placed them in the notes or appendix. We lose much by the unfinished state of the work, yet not so much as if the writer had been a man who stood aloof from parties, and was not continually thinking of the situation in which he himself stood. In spite of all Mr. Fox can say, Whigs and Tories have never meant much more than Ins and Outs, or Outs and Ins; a fact upon which the last year of his own life set the great seal. I am of the school of Sidney and Hutchinson and Milton."—II. 104, 105.

On the words which we have in this extract italicised, Mr. Warter adds a note which is perhaps one of the most extraordinary indications of incapacity which a hapless editor ever afforded: "I am at fault here. Burnet, in his History of his Own Times, says that the Duke of Monmouth gave an appointment to Lord Shaftesbury to meet him at Shepherd's, *a wine merchant*, in whom they had entire confidence. Vol. II. 178, ed. 1815. But, after all, the allusion is probably to John, the husband of Alice Lisle. See *Macaulay's Hist.*, Vol. III. 458. 'The *malthouse* of Alice Lisle.' Ibid. 506." Mr. Warter, in the plenitude of his ignorance, seems to have thought that Southey had possibly made a mistake as to the calling of Shepherd. Not content with this supposition, he flounders still

more hopelessly, and thinks there may be a reference to John Lisle. He ought to have known that Lisle was no maltster, but a man of good family, and was himself a lawyer and succeeded Bradshaw as Lord High President. True it is that John Hicke was concealed in the malthouse of Alice, the widow of John Lisle, who had fallen, many years before this, by the hands of an Irish Royalist assassin in Switzerland. Maltheuses were, until the latter part of the 17th century, not unusual appendages of private mansions, the first malt-tax being of the date 1667. But is it possible that the Vicar of West Tarring, an Oxford graduate, never heard of Rumbold, the brave Parliamentary colonel, who, by marrying the widow of a maltster, became possessed of the Rye-house, the connection of which with English history is, we imagine, not unknown to thousands of schoolboys who will never aspire to "Christ Church, Oxford"? He who is "at fault" here, may feel assured that his literary scent is too feeble to justify him in editing anybody, or writing on any historical subject.

DR. BEARD'S "LETTERS ON THE GROUNDS AND OBJECTS OF
RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE."

SIR,

I BEG you to allow me to state through your pages a fact or two relating to the work mentioned above. Unforeseen circumstances have delayed its appearance. The delay has afforded me an opportunity of revising the matter, and of handling the subjects in a manner less disproportionate to their importance. In consequence, however, one volume has grown into two. Consequently, the work consists of two volumes; the price to subscribers, ten shillings. It will be ready in about a fortnight. Any subscriber not desirous of having the work as now announced in two volumes, is at full liberty to withdraw his name; but after this notice the entire work will be sent to the subscribers unless countermanded. Only a few copies beyond the number subscribed for have been printed; but in regard to a portion of these the names of additional subscribers can still be received.

JOHN R. BEARD.

Manchester, July 25th, 1856.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Parables from Nature. By Mrs. Alfred Gatty, Author of "The Fairy Godmothers." Second Edition. London—Bell and Daldy. 1855.

THIS is a very pretty little book;—pretty in its bright blue cover and neat gold lettering on its side; pretty in its etched illustrations; but prettier in the bright and cheerful truth it utters from bees and butterflies, birds and crickets, the trees, the wind, sea-weed, and will-o'-the-wisp. The Lark's lesson of faith, and the Bees' of obedience, reflect themselves instinctively, though overlooked by reasoning man. The Sedge-warbler's song of the Unknown Land and reproof of the Magpie's chatter find a counterpart where it is vastly needed. It is one of the prettiest of the Parables.

"The Mother was pleased, and, perched upon a tall flag outside the nest, she sang a hopeful song of the Unknown Land; and the father and children joined—all but *one*! [he had listened to the Magpie]. He, poor fellow, would not, could not sing; but when the voices ceased, he murmured to his brothers and sisters in the nest—

"‘This would be all very pleasant and nice if we could *know* anything about the Land we talk about.’

"‘If we were to know too much, perhaps we should never be satisfied here,’ laughed the tender little one who had formerly been so much distressed about going.

"‘But we know *nothing*,’ rejoined the other bird; ‘indeed, how do we know there is such a place as the Unknown Land at all?’

"‘We *feel* that there is, at any rate,’ answered the sister-bird. ‘I have heard the call our mother tells about, and so must *you* have done.’

"‘You fancy you have heard it, that is to say,’ cried the brother, ‘because she told you. It is all fancy, all guess-work; no knowledge! I could fancy I heard it too, only I will not be so weak and silly; I will neither think about going, nor will I go.’

"‘*This is not your Rest*,’ sang the Mother, in a loud clear voice, outside; and ‘*This is not your Rest*,’ echoed the others in sweet unison; and ‘*This is not your Rest*,’ sounded in the depths of the poor little Sedge-warbler's own heart.

"‘This is not your Rest!’ repeated the Mother. ‘The river is rushing forward; the clouds are hurrying onward; the winds are sweeping past, because here is not their Rest. Ask the river, ask the clouds, ask the winds, where they go to:—Another Land! Ask the great Sun, as he descends away out of sight, where he goes to:—Another Land! And when the appointed time shall come, let us also arise and go hence.’

"‘Oh! Mother, Mother, would that I could believe you! Where is that other Land?’ Thus cried the distressed doubter in the nest. And then he opened his troubled heart, and told what the Magpie had said, and the parent birds listened in silence, and when he ceased—

"‘Listen to me, my son,’ exclaimed the Mother, ‘and I will sing you another song.’

"Whereupon she spoke once more of the land she had left before; but now the burden of her story was, that she had left it *without knowing why*. She ‘went out, not knowing whither,’—in blind obedience, faith, and hope. As she traversed the wide waste of waters, there was no one to give her *reasons* for her flight, or tell her, ‘This and this will be your lot.’ Could the Magpie have told her, had he met her there? But had she been deceived? No! The secret voice which had called and led her forth, had been one of kindness. When she came to the reed-beds, she knew all about it. For then

arose the strong desire to settle. Then she and her dear partner lived together. And then came the thought that she must build a nest. Ah! had the Magpie seen her then, building a home for children yet unborn, how he would have mocked at her! What could she *know*, he would have asked, about the future? Was it not all *guess-work*, fancy, folly? But had she been deceived? No! It was the voice of kindness that had told her what to do. For did she not become the happy mother of children? And was she not now able to comfort and advise her little ones in their troubles? For, let the Magpie say what he would, was it likely that the voice of kindness would deceive them at last? 'No!' cried she; 'in joyful trust let us obey the call, though now we know not why. When obedience and faith are made perfect, it may be that knowledge and explanation shall be given.' So ended the Mother's strain, and no sad misgivings ever clouded the Sedge-warbler's home again."

So with the Crickets *waiting* for the first warm hearthstone, we gather some of the last lessons both of philosophy and religion. They wondered what they were made for before. One fetched a Grasshopper, a green cousin, to give his opinion:

"And when the Grasshopper could be persuaded to stand quiet for a few seconds, and listen, he was so much concerned for the Crickets (for he had a tender heart, from living so much in the grass, and being so musical), that he said he would himself visit his cousins and see what could be done for them."

But he was puzzled and fidgety, and jumped away after all. The plodding Mole, however, gave them good advice and saved them:

"His good sense gave a different turn to their ideas: and hope is so natural and pleasant a feeling, that when once they ventured to encourage it, it flourished and grew in their hearts, till it created a sort of happiness of itself."

And "the words of the Mole were carried down from father to son, * * * 'Everything would fit in at last. No cravings are given in vain. There is always something in store to account for them. *Wait*—and everything will fit in, and be perfect at last.'"

Many an evil hint they had from mischief-makers. But they would not believe them. At last,

"— though it tarried, the day of deliverance and joy did come! The first fire that ever warmed the flagstone that flagged the grand old chimney arch of ancient times, ended for ever the mystery of the House Crickets' wants and cravings; and when it commonly blazed every winter night in men's dwellings, all the doubts and woes of Cricket life were over. These seemed to have passed away like the dreams of a disturbed night, which had been succeeded by daylight and reality. And oh, what ecstasy of joy the Crickets felt! How loud they shouted, and how high they sprang! 'We knew it would be so! The good old Mole was right! The grumbling beasts were wrong! Everything is perfect now, and no one is so happy as we are.'"

"Grandmother, what creature is it that I hear singing so loudly in the corner by the fire?" inquires the little one of the good old dame who sits musing on the oaken settle.

"I do not hear it, my child, and I do not know," answers the deaf and blind old crone. 'But if it be singing, love, it is happy, and enjoys these blessed fires as much as I do. 'Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.'

"Ah, it was no wonder that amidst the many merry voices that then shouted, and still shout, round those warm and friendly fires, no voice is louder, no joy more grateful, than that of the patient Cricket. He has 'waited' through fear and shadows—has hoped through darkness and ignorance—and his abode now glows with warmth and light. And if he received a lesson of wisdom from a creature more humble and seemingly more blind than himself, it is at least not the only instance in which instruction has been so obtained.

"And now we know the reason why the Crickets come by troops into our

houses, and live and thrive about our cheering fires, and sing so loud and long that the housewives sometimes (I grieve to say) get weary of the noise, and try to lessen the number of their lively visitors. But yet there is a strange old notion of good fortune attending the presence of these little chirping creatures. They are welcomed as bringing 'good luck' to the family about whose hearth they settle. And so they do! They bring with them a tale of promises made good. They sing a song of hope fulfilled; and though in that glad music there be neither speech nor language which we can recognize as such, there is yet a voice to be heard among them by all who love to listen, with reverent delight, to the sweet harmonies and deep analogies of nature."

The "lesson of hope" in the beautifully told Parable of the Storm and Trees and Moonlight, is to the same purport, as well as in the Zoophyte and Coralline, or "knowledge not the limit of belief." The bookworm having eaten his way through the back of Lord Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, is well put; and the lesson, "A lower power cannot compass the full understanding of a higher." "But to limit one's belief to the bounds of one's own small powers, would be to tie oneself down to the foot of a tree and deny the existence of its upper branches."

And so with the rest. In the Light of Truth, or the Land Beacon of Danger, in Will-o'-the-wisp, excellent in its lesson of inquiry and investigation, there is an expression which perhaps might have been more correct. Can we say the laws of Nature are *the acted will* of God? Nature herself is this; her laws the mode of Divine operation. (Pp. 107, 108.)

And in "Knowledge not the Limit of Belief" (p. 74), there is an expression indicative of an erroneous conception of the subjects of remark and their mutual relation. "*Observation and Revelation are the sole means of acquiring knowledge.*" This is said to exemplify a preceding remark, that "what you can't find out for yourself, you must take upon trust from your betters." By Observation, the writer meant rather what is the subject of observation. Now Revelation (here understood as what is revealed) is equally a subject of observation; therefore the terms should not have been used for two distinct kingdoms or sources of knowledge. They are not homogeneous. They are correlative. To observe is set over against revealing. God reveals, man observes. And God reveals in Nature as well as in Providence, ordinary and extraordinary, which what is usually called Revelation *par excellence* is. She should therefore have said *Nature and Revelation*, not Observation and Revelation, as if (even taking Observation for the things observed) Revelation, or the things revealed, were not subjects of observation too. The slip, we think, is an involuntary and unconscious indication of the writer's school of thought respecting Revelation. She is the lady of the Vicar of Ecclesfield, near Sheffield. But these are very slight deductions from the deep and true wisdom of her Parables. They are eminently welcome. We regard them as the very best of persuasives from the asserted scepticism of the times. While we own to the indestructible truth of intelligence and affection in our own natures, the selfishness and pride in which scepticism has birth immediately vanishes with signs of the same intelligence and affection in other beings. If that selfishness and pride is deaf to the voice of an infinite intelligence and affection in itself, it is wonderfully startled into a recognition of it by reading of its kindred manifestations in every living thing.

Narrative of the Origin and Formation of the International Association for obtaining a Uniform Decimal System of Measures, Weights and Coins. By James Yates, M.A. Second Edition. Pp. 56. London and Paris.

THE Decimal system has its basis in Nature's own counters, our ten fingers; and the Arabic system of notation has long since given a common character for its expression to the eye throughout the civilized world, in spite of the confusion of tongues with which the different nations count *vocally*. As the musical clef is the universal language of harmonic sounds, or as the Chinese character represents the same idea to the speakers of a hundred different dialects, so the Arabic numerals, 1, 2, 3, &c., present the same idea to the Englishman who reads them *one, two, three*; to the Frenchman who reads *un, deux, trois*; to the German who says *ein, zwei, drei*.

Mr. Yates and some others of the most enthusiastic at once and the most philosophical advocates of the decimal arithmetic, entertain the hope of establishing a uniform decimal system of measures, weights and coins throughout the whole civilized world, or at least the principal nations composing it; so that 2.583, for instance, should, if money is spoken of, represent the same value to English, French, German and Russian thought,—the same weight, if weight be the matter in hand,—the same length, the same area, or the same solid dimensions, if measure be the subject. Dissatisfied with the proposal of our *practical* reformers of the counting-house and bank, who having succeeded, after infinite trouble, in decimalizing the sovereign into florins, are now labouring hard, against the dead weight of official timidity and parliamentary and popular apathy, to decimalize the florin into new groats, and the groats into new farthings,—and who distantly hope that, after some years' satisfactory experience of such a ready-reckoning currency, a decimal scale of our weights and measures may follow,—the more philosophical advocates of the decimal system would disregard our existing £ sterling, pound weight, and standard gallon, in search of a cosmopolitan system. We grant that Mr. Yates and those with whom he acts are philosophically and abstractedly in the right; and that Mr. Brown, Dr. Bowring, Mr. Hankey, Professor Airey and the rest, are advocating a less comprehensive system, under the idea of its being the more practicable or the only practicable. But seeing the difficulty which confronts the smaller reform, we confess we have little belief in the feasibility of the larger. So happy should we be to get rid of compound arithmetic, that we care little comparatively for the suggested international uniformity of coins, measures and weights. Indeed, we fear we may miss the former (at least for the next two centuries) if we will not take it except as a part of the latter. But Mr. Yates's *Narrative* will tell every reader who is curious about this subject, exactly the position in which the international question now stands. It is a question well worth studying by the philosopher alike and the tradesman and house-keeper.

On Cambridge Academical Statistics. By James Heywood, Esq., M.P., F.R.S. 8vo. Pp. 48. Manchester. 1856.

THIS pamphlet is reprinted from the Transactions of the Manchester Statistical Society, and is mainly based on a Latin MS. work of the age of Queen Elizabeth, contained in the Sloane MSS. lodged in the British

Museum. To the valuable historical details contained in this MS., Mr. Heywood has added many facts illustrative of the present state of the University. The gross annual income of the several colleges and halls he estimates at £185,599. The number of fellows is 333. The total number of graduates in residence in May 1841, was 273; and of undergraduates, 1196.

The pamphlet includes a very interesting sketch of the religious changes which took place in the University at the Reformation and subsequently. It appears that religious tests were introduced by King James I. in 1613 and 1616; were formally repealed by resolutions of the House of Commons in 1641, but were restored soon after the accession of Charles II., and were re-established by the Act of Uniformity, which extorts a declaration of conformity with the Book of Common Prayer from every candidate for a College fellowship, a University professorship, and the office of a schoolmaster. Did ever any Act of Parliament produce a greater amount of insincerity and conscious departure from strict truth? The number of those who have been excluded from the Church and the Universities by this intolerant Act is great; but we fear that the number of those not excluded, whose purity and delicacy of conscience has been tarnished by it, is still greater. In what century of English history will the friends of truth and plain and honest speaking behold the repeal of this evil-working Act?

Lectures on Great Men. By the late Frederic Myers, M.A., Incumbent of St. John's, Keswick. Pp. 472. London—Nisbet. 1856.

It appears from the Preface to this interesting book that Mr. Myers, whose early death is a loss to literature and religion, felt that the clergyman of a parish ought to be its educator as well as its spiritual guide. In pursuance of this principle, he built for his parishioners a comfortable and handsome Reading-room, and provided a Library of useful and instructive as well as of religious books. In order to promote the spirit of brotherhood, which he regarded as essential to the reception of true Christianity, he organized social meetings of his parishioners. Once a month he invited every adult parishioner, that special opportunities might be afforded of cultivating a spirit of sympathy with all sects and conditions of men. At these meetings lectures were given, of which this volume contains specimens. The great men whom he selected as types of intellectual and moral and religious excellence, were Luther, Columbus, Xavier, Peter of Russia, John Wycliffe, Sir Thomas More, Cranmer, Oliver Cromwell, Savonarola, Ximenes, De Coligny and Washington. The list shews traces of a catholicity of spirit sufficient to allure readers of liberal principles, and they will find themselves well rewarded for their trouble.

The editor speaks of one trait in Mr. Myers' character which is particularly interesting,—his anxiety to do justice to men who belonged not to his own church and nation. He overcame the difficulties that lie in the path even of a man of catholic spirit, by his love of truth and by his rare powers of sympathy with goodness in all its forms. "He believed, and therefore taught, that there is no respect of persons with God, but only of character; that an eternity of bliss lies before the meanest as well as the greatest in this world, if only they will seek it

in the appointed way; that through CHRIST nothing avails but that which avails for all—a new creation of the heart.”

If every parish had such a clergyman as Mr. Myers, what results might not be anticipated? We do not say that all men would be won over to the Church of England as it is now constituted, but we do believe that Church would soon put itself into a condition to receive and retain all the lovers of truth and goodness, and there would be practically but one spiritual fold within this now religiously divided kingdom.

The Bible and the Crystal Palace. A Tract for the Times. Published by the National Sunday League.

THIS ingenious tract is one of the many lately published on the “Sabbath Question.” It exemplifies very skilfully how a working man may improve his Sunday, and how he might make a visit to the Crystal Palace and the British Museum subservient to his Bible readings. He might avail himself of such rational amusement, as he would of a Pictorial Bible, to impress more vividly on his mind many events and allusions hard to be understood. For this purpose we recommend this pamphlet as a hint to all inexperienced visitors to the above-mentioned places, as well as to those who desire to see Sunday innocently, cheerfully and profitably spent.

Beginning and Growth of the Christian Life; or, the Sunday-School Teacher. Pp. 190. Boston—Crosby, Nichols and Co.

THIS is one of the publications of the American Sunday-School Society. The topics discussed in it are scarcely described by the title. They include the wants of Sunday-schools and the object of their instruction; the qualifications, intellectual, moral and spiritual, of the teacher; his duties; and some practical hints respecting the classification of pupils, the use of manuals, Sunday-school libraries, the observance of the Lord’s Supper, the relation of the child to the church, and on the Christian character. As a practical manual, this little volume, while containing many valuable hints, does not give such a clear detail of the best Sunday-school plans as we desire to possess but know not where to find, and which, as coming from an intelligent and liberal American friend of Sunday-school instruction, we should have read with deep interest. There is a disposition, too much evinced in this and other works of a similar class, to break off into mere general declamation. On this subject we want, not rhetoric, however good it may be, but well-considered plans, the result of actual Sunday-school experience. We may take the opportunity of observing, that if preachers and speakers at the meetings which are occasionally held both here and in America for the promotion of Sunday-school education, would restrain their taste for mere eloquence and give practical details and offer suggestions founded on individual knowledge of their serviceableness, they would greatly add to the value of their addresses, and promote the real objects of the meetings.

INTELLIGENCE.

MR. CHANNING'S ADDRESS AT THE CLOSE
OF MANCHESTER COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

My Brothers,—It is to you that I am especially to address myself to-day, and I do it with the sympathies of a young divinity student, for to-day I have been living over my past life again. Had I known that in addressing you I was expected to fill for a moment the place of your highly-respected Visitor, I confess I should not have had any courage to undertake the task. But you have had his oversight, you have been passed in review, and you will feel, like good soldiers, that it is well to have the spirit proved by one who has asserted his own right to lead.

To-day and yesterday I have been reminded of an old story, the ancient habit of our ancestors in some of the country churches of the Dissenting body always to employ a guardian, who went round the congregation with a long rod to tap on the head those who were asleep. And as each of your classes were passed in review, I felt that tap asking whether the faculty for it was asleep. And I say it in confidence, but I heard a brother say this morning, "So you bring us up once again to remind us how much we have forgotten." But we may take consolation that it is all here if it could only come out again. That is a fine old story of the sleeping knights and ladies in the palace: they were still living, for when a true knight appears they all spring up. So is it when a powerful thought enters the memory—what seemed dead comes to life; there is no death! In God's memory the angels of the past live immortal. What I am to say may seem a little high-flown. It is the way of the West; and no doubt you think us a set of young, inexperienced braggadocios, come to tell you how the world looks, like a fresh morning, never seen before. There is some satisfaction, nevertheless, in that breath from the prairies; if what I say seems green, consider it is out of my youth, and so judge it. In the blending of different currents of air, warmer and colder, there is a discharge of vapour falling on the earth to renovate it; if, therefore, some things appear misty and obscure, consider there is a warm and cold current, and that there will be lustrous drops to refresh you.

The experience of this day reminds

us of what has been gained in the last twenty-five years. Young men have not now the same trials of conscience and spirit to endure which preceding generations have been disciplined through. I return to the time when I lived in the divinity school of Cambridge, Massachusetts. I found resting upon me the grievous burden that I did not believe in Christianity as I found it professed in the pulpits of my own denomination. Then the question arose, Shall I leave the pulpit and belie my own soul, or, standing there, seem to accept opinions which I have discarded? It was a sore trial: God give you strength in that hour! In the eclipse, you will see on the border one golden bead of light that presently shall suffice the world. Thank God, it was so with me! I once questioned whether I should leave the pulpit or not. God be praised! many of those trials you will be spared. The world has advanced. Were I not in the presence of some men here—yet being in their presence, and in the presence of the Spirit of Truth too, I will say it—that by efforts that have been made, taking up the forces given by earnest scholars abroad, we have seen facts in the theological world more clearly, and have drawn from them sounder conclusions; and I acknowledge that I, as a grateful learner, share with you the debt of gratitude this day.

This age is full of promise and expectation, and it is on a few thoughts of this sort that I would now engage you. It is a beautiful sign of the times that a law has been passed by which we are compelled to consume our smoke. Let us learn to consume our smoke, and, in regard to the evils of our time, turn it into a bright flame by the earnestness of our faith. All things are cheering. It is not a time in which we can allow ourselves to rest on past conventions. Men will question you. Are you awake to the problems of this time? Can you solve them? You are placed like the Muezzin on the mosque, to tell us that the hour is come, and you must repeat to us the faith of the Prophet; you must shew us that you are in communion with God's living church. That is the age opening before you,—an age of earnestness, living spirits, clear minds, and deeds corresponding to faith. You will be struck

with *this* tendency—of a large body of earnest minds seeking to return under the shadow of old modes of worship, to tenant once more the cathedrals of the past, amid all their storied windows and images of the saints. What is it but a longing to be surrounded with an atmosphere of piety, to see society consecrated afresh, to see the spire of devout faith pointing to the skies, a spirit that carries back to the old modes of worship? There is only one mode of meeting it. In Florence I once saw one who could embalm, could preserve the form with even the down upon the cheek. Many follow this process. But it is all in vain. Whoever has awakened to the consciousness that there must be fresh life, with *him* it will be impossible. The fresh and new life of a present God, suffusing creation everywhere with its glory—the God over all as the centre of so many living hearts—this is to go forth with a spirit corresponding to the demands of the age, to make a new worship symbolically corresponding to the forms of truth. You must *live* the worship before you can *construct* it. You cannot return to the past—you must look to an ever-opening future; trusting in God, go onwards. The manna is given morning by morning; gather it ever fresh.

Once more, the tendency of the time is a stir of earnest opinion. There are depths and quagmires of doubt; many have lost their way in the marshes and tangle where there is no day. I don't know whether the depth of doubt is worse—I don't think it is so bad, as that intensity of bigotry that would work clad in the armour of the past. You will not take either one or the other. It is a great opportunity to live in an age when men demand that you shall harmonize all God's methods of teaching mankind; when they ask whether they can approve theology as the crown of all the sciences, or whether they must give way to scepticism and say it is no science at all. I am not attempting to sound what angels cannot; but, in a serious sense, God presents to us a climbing pathway to stand by the unapproachable land, the Christianity of history, the culmination of all. You have to prove the humanity of Christianity, and in that humanity to recognize the infinite depth of its divinity; to see Jesus Christ as the man by the perfect harmony and proportion of his being; to discern the conditions out of which that perfection was formed; that it was only by the

preparation of the ages that the Oriental, the Hellenic, the Roman, and the Jewish world in the midst, were the only possible conditions of the birth of such a soul,—that point being reached in human history in which God gave the germ of the new life of the future, proving that He is one with us, as He was one with His beloved Son. The time is come to write new theologies, new ecclesiastical histories. In the tunnel of the modern railway, remember you have still the track, the engineer, the locomotive—and you firmly, bravely, quietly, plunge into the darkness and come out into the light; so, if you have a firm faith in the past and the guiding light of the present, through all difficulty you will see your way.

The time reminds me I must finish. But one word. This age is all alive everywhere with the hope of the possible transformation of human relations into the ideal of God's kingdom. I do not in any way think that this is a visionary rapture of our time, but a calm, clear apprehension of the fact that Providence is working through man in Christendom; that man is not left alone, but that all influences conspire with those who work to this end. There is present everywhere in the hearts of legislators, poets, critics, writers, the spirit of those who estimate the ideal of humanity as seen typified in the life of Jesus Christ, which, instead of being passed away, is coming nearer; from the mount of vision in the past, it is grandly stepping down into the present to possess the earth. Within communities there must be that central standard of duty; there must be a law above special human laws, to which all must respond; above their image must be the supreme image of God in the mediation of the Christian church over all. The great reality stands—there is such a present power. Shame on the man who in the midst of it comes out a coward! Shame on the man if he may not work moral miracles with these hopes! Give yourselves up to it mightily—in a mighty spirit of reform; not of war to destroy, but of peace to re-create for ever and ever. There is a power and a principle of good at work; a classifying of affinities is going on; God is apportioning and distributing influences by which men become fellow-helpers.

These are the signs of this age, and it is a glorious age.

I would conclude with this symbol:

it stands very beautiful in my memory ; I hope it will stand in yours too. We shall part now soon, many of us to meet here not again. It happened to me a few years ago to see in the Crystal Palace at New York, Thorwaldsen's group of the Apostles and the beloved Son. It was a circle, and at the end was Christ, majestically towering above them all. Twilight fell upon us ; darkness spread over all the objects of that scene symbolical of human industry and social use ; but lustrous through that twilight gloom stood out those white forms,—a beautiful emblem to me how, through all the darkness of the past, for ever in Christendom the ideal of Christ and his apostles had stood lustrous and never dimmed. But presently came those who were to light up the building for evening use ; and it was wonderful how the light first streamed on that glorious forehead of the Son of Man, and from his, fell on the shoulders of each of his apostles ; it was like an opening morning, and it stood to me as a type of the age that had re-caught the spirit of humanity, and had brought out the beauty that he had first received from God. May we find that we are standing in this great group of God's beloved children !

My brothers, we shall soon be scattered, and I shall ere long return to my native land. Let me say these simple words in parting. There are three speeches of great men in their last hours that I hear for ever ringing a sweet chime. The first is that of the Father of our Republic, George Washington. How characteristic it was of that serenely strong man that, when dying as it seemed by a mere chance, an exposure to cold and the want of a skilful physician, the last words trembling on the lips that had awed senates and commanded armies should be, "It is well !" And so he passed. The second are the glorious words of the great German seer and poet, when his eyes were closing, no more to be opened in this world, "More light !" Aye, so may it be with us—more light for ever ! And the last come more home to me : they were the last words from that honoured man whose name has won for me, unworthy of it, so warm a welcome among you. As I stood over his dying pillow, to hear the last syllables he could whisper, he said to me, "I have received many messages from the Spirit !" Aye, may it be so with us ! "It is well !" — "More light !" — and "Many messages from the Spirit !"

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, CARMARTHEN.

The annual examination of the students of this College took place on Tuesday, June 17th, and the three following days. It was conducted by the deputation from the Presbyterian Board, the Revds. D. Davison, M.A., Henry Solly, and J. C. Lawrence, Esq., aided by the Rev. W. A. Jones, M.A., Taunton, and Dr. Davies. The examination began each day at 9 o'clock, and was continued till 5 p.m., an interval of one hour being given for refreshments. On Tuesday morning it commenced with the senior class,—Messrs. W. Thomas, John Lloyd, R. Davies and Thomas Jones,—in *Thucydides*, book vii., by the Rev. H. Solly, other gentlemen of the deputation asking occasional questions. In the meanwhile the second class,—Messrs. D. Davies, Thomas Davies, Robert Roberts, Thos. Edwards and W. Edwards,—were examined by Dr. Davies in Hebrew, by question-papers ; and the third class,—Messrs. R. Shelley, D. Hughes, John Thomas, Lewis James, John Oliver and David O. Edwards,—in the first three books of *Euclid* and *Simple Equations*. In the afternoon the examination was resumed, by the Rev. D. Davison, with the senior class in *Justin*, *Apologia Prima* ; the second class being at the same time examined by the Rev. W. A. Jones by question-papers in *Euripides*, *Medea*. Then the senior class was examined by Mr. Davison in the *Epistles of Horace* ; and the second class by Mr. Jones in *Cicero*, *Amicitia*.

On Wednesday morning the examination was commenced by Mr. Solly with the second class in *Plato*, *Republic*, book i. At the same time the junior class,—Messrs. Alexander Macdougall, John Davies, J. Lloyd, James David Jones, Arthur Evans and Rees Jenkin Jones,—were examined by Dr. Davies in *Euclid*, books i. and ii., and *Algebra*, *Simple Equations*. Then the third class followed in *Homer*, bk. vi., and *Xenophon*, *Memorabilia*, book ii., by Mr. Solly. — In the afternoon the proceedings began with the junior class in *Livy*, book i., and *Virgil*, *Æneid*, book vi., Dr. Davies in the mean time examining the second class by paper-questions in *Analytical Trigonometry* and *Quadratic Equations*. Mr. Solly then examined the second and third classes in *Roman History*, *Chemistry* and *English History*, while Dr. Davies continued the examination in Hebrew. This day's work was closed by a sermon

from one of the senior students, Mr. Richard Davies.

Thursday was principally occupied by theological subjects. The senior class was examined in Mental Philosophy, Ecclesiastical History and Biblical Antiquities, by Mr. Solly and Mr. Jones. The junior classes were also examined by the same gentlemen in Logic, Rhetoric and Jewish Antiquities.

On Friday morning, before the distribution of the Prizes, the examination (partly *vivâ voce* and partly by written questions) in Biblical History, Geography and Antiquities, for the two prizes given by Samuel Sharpe, Esq., London, took place, conducted by Mr. Jones. This examination was voluntary and open to all the students. At its close, a sermon was delivered by Mr. Alexander Macdougall.

At eleven a.m., the Rev. W. A. Jones proceeded (vice the Rev. D. Davison, who felt too weak, from illness, for the task) to distribute among the successful candidates the very valuable prizes given annually for many years by Lewis Loyd, Esq., Overstone Park, Northamptonshire. After a few complimentary remarks on Mr. Loyd's liberality, and the great interest he continues to feel in this Institution, Mr. Jones said, that after a very careful analysis of the papers given in by the different classes, and the very critical manner in which J. C. Lawrence, Esq., had watched each *vivâ-voce* examination, they had unanimously arrived at the following results. That the first prize in the senior class should be awarded to Mr. Thomas Jones, and the second to Mr. William Thomas. That the first prize in the second class be divided between Mr. Thomas Davies and Mr. Robert Roberts, as of equal merit. The only prize given in the third class was awarded to Mr. John Oliver; and the only prize given in the fourth or junior class was carried off by Mr. Rees Jenkin Jones. The successful competitors for Sharpe's prizes were, first, Mr. Wm. Thomas, second, Mr. Thomas Jones. Some valuable books were also given to each student, as a mark of general satisfaction with their progress and conduct.

All the examiners expressed themselves highly pleased with the result of the examination in most of the departments; and the proceedings were terminated by powerful and very effective addresses from the Rev. H. Solly and J. C. Lawrence, Esq., upon the import-

ance of young candidates for the Christian ministry devoting themselves wholly to the work before them, and making education, as well as everything else, subordinate to the high office for which they were preparing themselves.

On Wednesday evening, the deputation and most of the visitors took tea at the Principal's house (Dr. Lloyd's), when his son was christened by the Revds. D. Davison and H. Solly, and called David Lewis Lloyd, out of respect to Lewis Loyd, Esq., the kind patron of the College.

LIST OF PREACHERS AND THEIR SUBJECTS
AT CLEATOR.

1856. Aug. 31, Rev. J. H. Hutton, Manchester—Morning: What is it to be a Christian? (Matt. xi. 28—30). Afternoon: The unwearied Christian shall reap in the appointed Season (Gal. vi. 9).

Sept. 28, Rev. Dr. Beard, Manchester—Morning: The Cleansing Efficacy of the Death of Christ (1 John i. 7). Afternoon: The Useful Little Maiden (2 Kings v. 2, 3).

Oct. 26, Rev. John Cropper, Stand—Morning: The Salvation of Sinners (James v. 19, 20). Afternoon: Religious Consolation (2 Cor. i. 3, 4).

Nov. 30, Rev. M. C. Frankland, Chowbent—Morning: Christ's Victory over the World (John xvi. 33). Afternoon: Persevering Benevolence an acceptable Service to God (Heb. xiii. 16).

Dec. 28, Rev. Henry Green, A.M., Knutsford—Morning: Christian Redemption a Moral Work to be effected by God's Grace and Truth (Titus ii. 11, 14)—Sacrament.—Afternoon: The Privileges of believing in Christ (Rom. v. 1, 2).

1857. Jan. 25, Rev. James Bayley, Stockport—Morning: Life a Privilege and Blessing (Job. iii. 20). Afternoon: The Spirit of Christ, and Means of acquiring it (Rom. viii. 9).

Feb. 22, Rev. Charles Beard, B.A., Hyde—Morning: The Simplicity of early Christian Faith (Acts xvi. 31). Afternoon: The Thorn in the Flesh, Strength perfected in Weakness (2 Cor. xii. 7—10).

March 29, Rev. J. Panton Ham, Manchester—Morning: Christian Charity (1 Cor. xiii. 4). Afternoon: The Fortunes of Truth illustrated in the Personal Ministry of Jesus Christ (John vi. 66—69).

April 26, Rev. Franklin Baker, A.M., Bolton—Morning: Christian Truth invaluable and permanent (Mark xiii. 31). Afternoon: The Progressive Advance of a Happier Age (Isaiah xi. 6—10).

May 31, Rev. J. Ashton, Preston—Morning: True and False Shame (Rom. i. 16). Afternoon: Christian Practice the Test and only satisfactory Evidence of Christian Faith (James ii. 18).

June 28, Rev. R. B. Aspland, A.M., Dukinfield—Morning: The Consciousness of Past Errors a Motive for Future Vigilance (Psalm cxix. 59, 60). Afternoon: A Rebuke of Selfish Principles and Exclusive Habits (Rom. xiv. 7).

Morning service at a quarter to Eleven.

Afternoon service at Three o'clock.

EASTERN UNITARIAN CHRISTIAN SOCIETY.

The forty-third anniversary of this Society was held at Ipswich on Thursday, June 26th. The service was introduced by the Rev. D. Davis, of Norwich; and the Rev. Dr. Harrison, of Brixton, delivered an able and effective discourse from Mark ix. 24, "Help thou mine unbelief." The preacher observed that one distinct and prevailing tendency of the present age was scepticism. This was a sad, unnatural and unhappy state of mind, but not necessarily culpable. On the contrary, it was often a proof of a free and noble soul; and indeed every man of earnestness and reflection was sure to become a doubter at one time or other. There was nothing more painful, no condition sadder or more terrible, than when the foundations of our belief gave way, and the soul was forced to abandon the serene, untroubled faith of its early years. But scepticism was culpable when it proceeded from a love of singularity or antagonism, or from the wish to puzzle and perplex the simple believer, or, as was too generally the case, from mere carelessness and indifference. It was not a spirit of doubt or indifference, but of earnest faith, that gave birth to all the noble and heroic action of the world,—in ancient times to the Stoics, and in modern times to such men as Luther, Knox and Cromwell. Whoever would be good, great or happy, must never rest satisfied with "I doubt." The sceptic should resolve to master his doubts. First, he should examine for himself. Doubts could not be silenced by conclaves or authoritative assemblies;—there was no vicarious removal of difficulties; and the only court of appeal

was the court of the individual conscience. Next, he should examine boldly and fearlessly. Truth had nothing to fear from investigation. If there was any mental reservation, the inquiry was not fair, the process was vitiated. But he should also examine reverently. We should feel that we were dealing here with the highest and best interests of man. Most unhappy results had flowed from approaching this subject in a spirit of levity, scorn or harshness. Our duties to the sceptic were, first, to treat him fairly and justly. We had no right to condemn any man for mere difference of opinion; it was arrogance and injustice. 2ndly, We should treat him kindly and considerately. The sceptic was not a subject for our anathemas, but rather for our compassion. He who cannot believe in God and Christ; he who can look to the heavens, and see no Father there—over the earth, and find no brother—to Jesus, and discern no leader—to the future, and discover no immortality;—he who feels himself abandoned to a cheerless, purposeless, fatherless world, is most sincerely to be pitied. The dream of Jean Paul, wherein he represents a lost spirit as searching the universe and finding no God in it, is a terrible but true picture of such a mind. 3rdly, We should endeavour to present religion to the sceptic under a reasonable and attractive form. Many of the popular forms of belief were calculated to scare away and disgust honest and sensible men. They demanded the prostration of our reason; they presented puzzles to our intellect and paradoxes to our conscience. The doctrine of the Trinity was an example of the former, and Substitution and Reprobation of the latter. Such doctrines inflicted serious injury upon man's moral nature. But we, at least, rejoice to believe that God wars not with the intelligence and happiness of his creatures. In conclusion, there were some who regarded scepticism with alarm; but such only shewed their want of faith in the power of truth. God's truth was omnipotently strong, and all we had to do was to be faithful to our apprehension of it.

After service, J. D. Harmer, Esq., was called to the chair, and the usual business of the Society transacted. In the unavoidable absence of J. W. Dowson, Esq., the duties of the Secretary were discharged by the Rev. D. Davis. The annual report was presented, embracing an account of the congregations

of the district, with their connected institutions. The tone of the whole was encouraging, and several new members were added to the Society.

At half-past two o'clock, a comfortable party of ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner at Mr. Pearce's Rooms, Princes Street,—J. Mills, Esq., of Norwich, in the chair. The usual loyal toasts having been given, the Chairman introduced the sentiment, "Civil and Religious Liberty all the World over."

Rev. T. Cooper, of Framlingham, in responding, said that this toast was the more necessary, inasmuch as the amount of civil liberty all over the world was at the present time very small; nor did he know that religious liberty was in any better plight. Wherever we looked, we saw men tyrannizing over the souls as well as the bodies of their fellow-men. In his opinion, religious liberty meant liberty to attack as well as to defend the gospel. Christianity was an appeal to reason. Jesus said, "Why of your own selves judge ye not what is right?" but there were men who came after him and said, "No, stop; you must not inquire or judge for yourselves; we will tell you what is right." Hence we had creeds and confessions and pretended authorities without number. He would grant to the sceptic perfect liberty, for he was sure that a free and unbiassed study of the gospel must lead to a recognition of its truth. In order to appreciate the gospel, we should consider what human nature would be without Christianity. The religion of Christ was a plain thing addressed to plain men. He regretted to see a spirit of mysticism arising in our body, and that a style of preaching had been adopted in some quarters, of which he might say that not one in fifty could understand it. He thought we should all benefit very much by a little plain speaking.

Rev. D. Davis responded to the sentiment, "Prosperity to the Eastern Unitarian Christian Society." This Society was founded in order to give a clear and definite expression to Unitarian views of Christianity. Our body was comparatively small, and our meeting at present was not a large one; but the importance of principles was not to be measured by numbers. There were many difficulties in our way, and perhaps one of the most encouraging thoughts was to go back to the primitive times and think of the obstacles which then impeded the progress of Christian truth. Certainly our difficulties were

not so great as those of the first disciples; and yet by their faithfulness and zeal, and the spirit of God that was in consequence communicated to them, they overcame, and the fishermen of Galilee became the apostles of the world. We should remember that there was no property qualification for the kingdom of heaven, but all that Christ demanded of us was an earnest and faithful will, a pure and loving heart. There were various opinions as to the proper or the best modes of operation, but this was comparatively unimportant; the essential thing was to have this one great and earnest spirit. We had two foundation-stones to our temple,—one God the Father, and all men brethren and disciples of Christ. Nothing more than this was needed; and in spite of our differences, we could, if we were faithful, build upon this foundation the grand and goodly edifice of Christian truth.

Rev. Dr. Harrison, after some humorous anecdotes and observations, said that in several things there was a manifest improvement in the religious tone and temper of the age. For instance, in regard to scepticism, who would deny that it was far different now from what it formerly was? Who would compare the ribaldries of Tom Paine with the serious and reverent scepticism of our day? There was a chaos at present in reference to religious parties and opinions; but in the midst of this there were symptoms of the order, life and beauty, that would come forth at length. Much of the present infidelity was a reaction from orthodoxy; for it was characteristic of the human mind that if you pushed too far in one direction, it presently swung back in the other. But experience had confirmed the expression of the poet, that safety was to be found in the middle. We were in the habit of talking discouragingly of our prospects, and saying that our congregations were almost anything but what they should be; but on looking back to the past, he really was unable to point to any time when they were more prosperous. He saw therefore signs of hope and encouragement, and believed that Unitarians had only to speak out, to be true to themselves and their principles, in order to secure a speedy triumph.

Rev. J. C. Means, of London, attended as a deputation from the Sunday-School Association. He explained the origin of this Association, and referred

to its first meeting under the presidency of Dr. Carpenter, of Bristol. That was twenty-two years ago; and since that time it had been extending its influence, though not so much as they had hoped and expected. He was a Sunday-school teacher of many years' standing, and he well recollected the difficulty they had in obtaining the proper books. The books they were able to procure at that time, though containing much that was excellent, contained also views that were contrary to their apprehensions of Christian truth. Now it certainly was a bad thing, and had a most unfortunate effect upon the mind of a child, to be compelled to guard him against his own lesson-book—to be obliged to say to him, "This is doubtful," and, "You must not believe that." They were driven, therefore, upon the expedient of publishing books for themselves; and they were enabled to do this by a union of Sunday-schools, and would be enabled to do it far more, if more would join them. When he looked at the yearly income of the Association—not quite £60—he thought the meeting would agree with him that it was very small and ought to be increased. Their present machinery would suffice for a much larger society; they could do more work if the schools throughout the country would give them work to do. The Association did not confine itself to Unitarian schools alone, but might be called unsectarian in character; its principles, in fact, were broad and comprehensive, and sufficient to include all liberal Christians. Another object was to bring the teachers and friends of Sunday-schools together, and suggest improved methods of instruction and management. He believed that it had already had no inconsiderable effect in this way. He held that the business of the Sunday-school was not secular, but spiritual; the office of the teacher was to awaken the religious life of the pupil. The work was eminently practical. Theological knowledge must indeed be supplied, but the great object was to kindle the affections of the soul, and lead the spirit into communion with its God and Father.

Rev. S. F. Macdonald, of Diss, responded to the sentiment, "Unitarian Christianity—may we duly appreciate its doctrines, and be true to its principles." He said that those who had been educated in the Unitarian faith had not perhaps so lively an appreciation of its beauty and excellence as

those who came to it from another communion. The passage from Calvinism to Unitarianism was one that he could never forget, for it was a passage out of darkness into marvellous light. He valued this form of Christianity chiefly for two things;—in the first place, because it was intensely personal and individual; in the second place, because it was essentially harmonious and consistent. The faith which we profess was distinctly an individual faith. It insisted upon the rejection of all priestly authority; it was, he might say, the true Protestantism; it denied the right of any human being to interfere with another in religious matters, and left a man alone with his conscience and his God. There were other faiths which professed to do this, but they did not. This belief also was a reasonable and consistent one; it did violence to no portion of man's nature. It was simple, so that we could understand it; it was comforting and ennobling, so that we were cheered and elevated by it; it was the natural theory of God's government, the obvious interpretation of what we saw around us. He believed in his heart that it was the primitive Christian faith. He regarded other views of Christianity not so much as errors, but rather as exaggerations, distortions; he did not say they were false, but only defaced or imperfect editions of the truth. Our position was an excellent one if we would properly assert it; but many of us seemed to be afraid or ashamed of our principles. We wanted what might be called more "*esprit de corps*"—more denominational action. As a body, we were far too modest; perhaps it was a good fault; but we did not do justice to ourselves. While saying this, he was far from supposing that our church monopolized the whole truth. Not the only right, but, as we believed, the nearest right—that was the true position. And assuredly there was more light to break forth from God's works and God's word. Let us only be true to the light we have, and more light and higher wisdom will be given us.

Rev. J. T. Cooper replied to the sentiment, "Success to the Minister and Congregation of Ipswich." He would beg to remind them that a minister could do little or nothing of himself; he must have fellow-labourers. He was most willing and anxious to work, and trusted and believed that he should find in his present sphere active sym-

pathy and co-operation. God sends every man into the world in order to perform some wise and useful work, and this was especially true of the Christian congregation. If we all did or tried to do our best, what a speedy and happy change should we effect upon the world! With respect to the Sunday-School Association, he felt bound to say that he regarded the machinery as too cumbrous and expensive. To publish books was, he thought, to undertake a task beyond their strength; he had found cheaper and better lesson-books in the publications of Messrs. Chambers and others. There were many kinds of books which the Association did not and could not supply. While wishing every success to Sunday-schools, and indeed being himself practically engaged in the work, he did not agree with the mode in which the Association proposed to accomplish its end.

Mr. Pearce responded for the Congregation, and Mr. W. Sothern for the "Strangers;" and after a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Mills for his very efficient conduct in the chair, the party broke up. The attendance upon this occasion was not so numerous as upon some others, but we do not remember any meeting of this Society that has been more pleasant.

NEW UNITARIAN CHAPEL, BIRKENHEAD.

We learn with great pleasure that this congregation have recently made an energetic and successful effort to relieve the chapel from a heavy debt, which, together with the accumulating interest thereon, was felt to be acting injuriously on the best interests of this young and rising society. It will be remembered the chapel was built entirely by voluntary subscriptions, but the funds raised were not sufficient to pay for the land also. This, therefore, formed a debt upon the chapel, which, with some other unliquidated expenses, exceeded £500; the whole of which sum has by an earnest and united effort been subscribed. This beautiful and commodious chapel, standing in one of the very best situations in a wide-spreading town, with a population swelling in numbers so rapidly as likely soon to rival in extent many of our old and large cities, is entirely free from debt. The congregation is now seeking a pastor and minister, and, considering the noble sphere of usefulness presented, we trust that the call of this con-

gregation may meet with a suitable response. Candidates are invited, and communications are to be addressed to Mr. Francis Morton, Hermitage, Oxtou, near Birkenhead.

FAREWELL OF THE REV. FRANCIS BISHOP FROM LIVERPOOL.

On Sunday evening, July 20th, Rev. Francis Bishop preached his farewell sermon in the Domestic Mission chapel, Bedford Street, Liverpool, to a large and deeply attentive audience, assembled to hear for the last time one to whom they have owed so much, and to whom they are naturally so deeply attached. His discourse was taken from John xi. 35, and contained several eloquent and touching allusions to the separation which was about to take place between himself and his flock. The many tearful eyes shewed how hard they felt it to part with their minister, and shewed also, one would fain believe, that his influence and teaching will long continue to be with them for good. Persons of various religious denominations, including some Roman Catholics, were among the congregation, bearing testimony by their presence to the large-hearted, unsectarian spirit in which Mr. Bishop has uniformly conducted his undertaking.

On Monday evening, a tea-party was held in the Mission-house, to present Mr. Bishop with a testimonial, subscribed for by a number of working people and others connected with the Mission, on occasion of his removal to Manchester to undertake the superintendence of the missionary department of the Unitarian Home Missionary Board. There were about 300 persons present. Mr. William Lamport (in the absence of the Rev. J. H. Thom) was called to the chair.

The Chairman, in opening the business of the evening, regretted the absence of Mr. Thom; but had the less hesitation in acting as his substitute as he happened to be the President of the Domestic Mission Society for the current year. The members of that Society had already taken public leave of their esteemed friend, and he was sure the meeting would be glad to hear that the example they were about to set that night would be followed in a few days by the presentation from the members of the Mission of their testimonial to Mr. Bishop's services. Be the relative pecuniary value of the two testimonials what it might, he was sure the one

they were about to present would not be the least gratifying to Mr. Bishop's feelings. He then paid a warm tribute to Mr. Bishop, whose memorial they would find in the affections he had kindled, in the consciences he had aroused, and the hearts he had softened.

Mr. Thomas Jones said he was called upon to perform a very pleasant duty, but which would have been much more pleasant if he could have felt persuaded of his own ability to execute it in a manner worthy of the occasion. He had been deputed by a Committee, composed of persons who frequented that room, and who were not ashamed of acknowledging the good they had received from connection with it, to present Mr. Bishop, on his leaving them, with a small token of their regard for him. He trusted no caution was needed not to measure that regard by the intrinsic or money value of the gift to be presented; for he could assure the audience that, in their respect and affection for Mr. Bishop, the persons who had subscribed a shilling were in no way behind those gentlemen who in so handsome a manner had presented Mr. Bishop with the testimonial to which allusion had been made; and he felt sure that Mr. Bishop would prize the gift more highly when he told him that it came from those who knew him best, and were consequently best able to judge of his worth—by those who, having been benefited themselves by the ministry, advice, and, above all, their free intercourse with Mr. Bishop, were now manifesting the same concern for their neighbour and fellow-workman which Mr. Bishop had ever shewn for them. But the little band connected with that place had not been left alone in the work of love, for, although not a penny had been solicited, contributions

had been received from friends through the length and breadth of the district, and a large sum could have been collected had it been required; but having first made up their minds as to what should be presented to Mr. Bishop, they only felt warranted in receiving as much as would defray the necessary expenses. After some remarks on the appropriateness of the gift (Alford's Greek Testament, 4 vols.), Mr. Jones, addressing Mr. Bishop, said—I have great pleasure, Sir, in presenting you with this testimonial, hoping you may live many years to peruse it, and that it may be left as an heirloom to your family.

Rev. Francis Bishop, who appeared deeply affected, then came forward to acknowledge the kindness of his friends, and was received with enthusiastic applause. Of his speech, which expressed so much interest in the well-being of those to whom he has ministered, and the emotion he felt in leaving them, the crowded state of our columns prevents our giving more than the concluding sentence:—And now, my dear friends, the hour and the minute is come—would that I could put it off, but it cannot be—the moment is come for speaking that word which dissolves our long, our happy, and our not uneventful connection. Forget in me all that you would not think of with pleasure, and think of your friend but as he will only think of you. It is his heart and not his tongue that prays God to bless you, and bids you—Farewell!

Subsequently, Mr. Edward Baines, Mr. J. R. Williams, Mr. Jas. Davies, Rev. H. Solly and Rev. J. Robberds, addressed the meeting, the proceedings of which were terminated by a benediction pronounced by Mr. Bishop.

OBITUARY.

March 25, at Hastings, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, Mr. THOMAS NEIGHBOUR, of King Street, West Smithfield. He was born in London, and in early life attended the ministry of Dr. John Evans, of Worship Street, of which congregation his parents were members for many years till their death. He received the earlier part of his education under the Rev. Thomas Sadler, of Horsham, father of Dr. Sadler, of Hampstead; and on leaving school was introduced into his father's business, that of a

wine merchant, in which he afterwards became a partner, and upon his father's death succeeded to the whole of it. He carried it on with great diligence and success, and in such a way as to secure the respect and good-will of those with whom it brought him into connection, and the warm attachment of those who were in his service.

He married, in the year 1824, Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Mr. John Simpson, of Leadenhall Street, and granddaughter of the Rev. John Simpson, for

many years minister of the afternoon congregation at Worship Street. The affectionate disposition by which he was always characterized, and the exemplary manner in which he filled the relation of husband and father, rendered his home one of the happiest, and has caused the greatness of his loss to be felt with a depth of feeling and sorrow that it will take long to assuage. Last November he lost his second daughter, a most amiable and affectionate girl, who had just attained to womanhood; and her loss, acting on a frame already weakened by repeated and severe attacks of disease, probably hastened his own decease. He was directed by his medical advisers to give up all attention to business, and to resort to Hastings; but all the care which his devoted wife and children could bestow, and all the skill of his medical attendants, were without avail.

It has been mentioned that he was in early life an attendant at Worship Street, and it may be added that he was for some time one of the teachers in the Sunday-school belonging to that congregation, as was also his wife. After their marriage they attended at Jewin Street, of which the Rev. D. Davison was then minister; but afterwards became members of the congregation in Essex Street, under the care of the Rev. T. Madge, with which they remained in connection till Mr. Neighbour's death, and with which the family continue to be connected.

His remains were committed to the tomb on the 1st of April by Mr. Madge, whose emotion shewed how much he appreciated and lamented him. He was buried in the same grave in the Highgate cemetery to which he had a few weeks before followed the remains of his beloved daughter.

The writer of this brief notice had enjoyed his friendship from boyhood, and in the course of a long and intimate connection had the opportunity of fully appreciating the kindness of his heart, the soundness of his understanding, and the uprightness of his principles. The loss of old and valued friends as we advance in life is not to be repaired; for new friends, however excellent, cannot be bound to the heart by the same tie of old and cherished remembrances. Happy the day when the grave shall give up its trust, and the friendships of earth shall be renewed, never again to be broken!

J. C. M.

March 29, at Port Natal, of consumption of the lungs, FREDERICK W. HENRY, eldest son of F. J. MARILLIER, Esq., of 4, Durham Place, Hackney Road, London.

April 20, at Tenterden, Mr. JAMES WINSEER, aged 86 years.

April 29, at Eastgate, Tenterden, Kent, suddenly, WILLIAM GRISBROOK, Esq., one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace and Mayor of Tenterden.

May 4, suddenly, Col. RICHARDS LYDE HORN BROOK, Royal Marines, Light Infantry, aged 73.

June 13, at Mansfield, Notts, Mrs. MARY RAMSBOTHAM, in the 76th year of her age.

Mrs. Ramsbotham was born at Rotherham, Yorkshire, May 21, 1781. She was the eldest daughter of the Rev. Josiah Townsend (then minister of the Presbyterian chapel of that place) and Sarah his wife (formerly Miss Moul, of Wickersly, near Rotherham). Mrs. Ramsbotham was the granddaughter of the Rev. Meredith Townsend, the intimate friend and co-pastor of Dr. Isaac Watts at Stoke Newington, and also friend of John Howard the Philanthropist. She was married to the Rev. Joseph Ramsbotham at Elland, Yorkshire, July 1, 1800, who died at Gorton, Lancashire, on the 15th March, 1806, at the early age of 26, having been the minister of the Presbyterian chapel in that place for nearly four years, leaving his widow with three children totally unprovided for, except from the ample proofs given by an affectionate congregation, by whom he was universally regretted. Mrs. Ramsbotham then established a school at Wath, near Rotherham, at which place she remained for about six years, when she removed to Mansfield, June, 1812, to take charge of and board the pupils of the late Rev. John Williams, minister of the old Presbyterian chapel of that place, and also to establish a school for young ladies, in which occupation she continued about thirty-five years, when more favourable circumstances enabled her to retire from active employment, at a time when failing health began to render her more unfit for her arduous engagements.

The latter years of Mrs. Ramsbotham's life passed most happily; her strong affection and care for the welfare of those connected with her continued unclouded to the last moment. Her life was a preparation for her heavenly home, to which she looked with the liveliest gratitude, resigned to leave those dear to her when it should be the will of her Heavenly Father. She gradually sank, and expired without a struggle. Her end was peace, and her hope glorious.

June 13, at Tenterden, Kent, JANE, sixth daughter of the late Matthew TOWGOOD, Esq., of St. Neots, Huntingdonshire.

June 20, Mr. JONATHAN TAYLOR, of Mill's Hill, Tonge, near Middleton, in the 62nd year of his age. Brought up as a boy in connection with the Church of England, Mr. Taylor very early in life discovered that the principles which he really held were in agreement with those generally known as Unitarian principles, the discovery being first made by him on hearing a discourse from some professed advocate of Unitarian views. From the time that he was thus led to the avowed embrace of these views, Mr. Taylor continued uniformly to bear testimony to his persuasion of their truth and worth, and to afford them his earnest, zealous and generous support. The Unitarians of Oldham, in the immediate neighbourhood of which place he was born, when he first associated himself with them were not in possession of a chapel, and used to meet in a room in Manchester Street, in that town. It was not long, however, before the chapel now occupied by them in Lord Street was erected; and of the services of its first minister, the Rev. Benjamin Goodier, Mr. Taylor always used to speak in terms of the most grateful and affectionate admiration. The prospects of the congregation so long as Mr. Goodier was spared to them, appear to have been exceedingly encouraging; but his relinquishment of his charge through ill health, after a ministry of only six months, followed speedily by his death, gave a blow to their prosperity from which it has never subsequently recovered. Through all the vicissitudes, however, of the cause of Unitarianism in Oldham, Mr. Taylor remained to the utmost of his power an unflinching and persevering upholder of its interests; and that a Unitarian society still exists there is owing, there can be little doubt, in the main to his unintermitted and self-denying efforts. After the lamented death of Mr. Goodier, there was no settled and resident minister till within a comparatively recent period; and the numbers and resources of the congregation had at one time fallen so low, that the services in the chapel had to be discontinued, and the chapel itself let to other denominations of Christians. Service, however, was always kept up in a room, conducted not unfrequently by Mr. Taylor himself, and though it might happen, as the writer of this notice has been informed it also not unfrequently did, that none but the members of his

own family were present. In this room, after a time, a school was begun at his suggestion; and this school may be said to have formed to a great extent the nursery of the existing congregation.

For several years prior to his death, Mr. Taylor had discharged the duties of Treasurer both to the chapel and to the school connected with it,—with what care, exactness and punctuality—a punctuality exercised very frequently at no small personal inconvenience and sacrifice—those who have had business to transact with him in these capacities well know. But in the performance of every duty devolving upon him, Mr. Taylor may be described as one who was eminently faithful. High moral principle and deep religious convictions united to make him so. Nor was it any narrow view of duty that he took, nor limited routine of duty to which he restricted himself. Few men perhaps ever acted more consistently up to the Christian rule of loving our neighbour as ourselves; and when he saw an opportunity of doing his neighbour a service, he was always anxious to render it. Indeed, he was wont to be much kinder to others than to himself, and sometimes, perhaps, carried even to a fault his consideration for their interests at the expense of his own. By the rare excellence, in a word, and beauty of his life and conversation, he bore the best of testimonies to the efficacy for good of the principles which he had embraced; and in the recollection of them has bequeathed a privilege to the religious society of which he was so great a stay and ornament, which it is hoped they will not neglect to profit by, so as to derive for themselves, from the example that has been set them, a “savour unto life.”

July 3, at Leeds, at the residence of her father, George Talbot, Esq., CAROLINE AGNES, wife of George G. WOODWARD, Esq., of Kidderminster.

July 7, at her residence, 12, Montague Place, Clapham Road, SARAH, third daughter of the late David MARTINEAU, Esq.

July 10, at her residence in the Paragon, Hackney, aged 90, Mrs. FRANCES THODY BURKITT,—a lady in whom was combined an amount of moral excellence such as it is the privilege of few human beings to possess. Sterling goodness and unbounded generosity were united with an unaffected modesty and simplicity of manners, which contrasted most beautifully,

and gave a rare charm to the whole character. Her mild and benevolent features were the simple index of the peace and purity which always reigned within. In her entire forgetfulness of self, her serene life shewed how completely she thus promoted the best interests of self. To see and know, was, by not a few, to admire and almost reverence her. The oldest

member of the New Gravel-Pit congregation, she was till within the last few weeks, notwithstanding her advanced age, one of the most regular in her attendance on its services; and to her fellow-worshippers there she leaves behind the holy influence of a character, with the recollection of which is associated all that is purest and best in human nature.

MARRIAGES.

May 8, at the High-Pavement chapel, Nottingham, by Rev. B. Carpenter, Mr. FREDERICK LAWSON BANKS, of Sheffield, to CAROLINE, eldest daughter of the late Mr. S. SAMUELS.

May 8, at the High-Pavement chapel, Nottingham, by Rev. B. Carpenter, Mr. JOSEPH WRIGHT, son of Mr. William Wright, to CATHERINE, only daughter of the late Mr. G. S. SAMUELS, of Nottingham.

May 14, at the Old meeting-house, St. Nicholas, Ipswich, by Rev. J. T. Cooper, Mr. ALFRED GENTRY to Miss MOORE.

May 15, at the Old meeting-house, St. Nicholas, Ipswich, Mr. ALFRED CORNISH to Miss EMMA GOWING.

June 5, at the Hope-Street Unitarian church, Liverpool, by Rev. J. Martineau, Mr. JAMES MAUGHAN, surgeon, to ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of the late Mr. HENRY ROWE, Crown Street, Liverpool.

June 5, in the High-Street chapel, Portsmouth, by Rev. H. Hawkes, THOMAS SMALL SIME to MARY ANN CATTO, both of Portsea.

June 5, at the Old meeting-house, St. Nicholas, Ipswich, by Rev. J. T. Cooper, Mr. ALFRED PALMER to Miss CLARISSA EMMA KELL.

June 7, at Mill-Hill chapel, Leeds, by Rev. Thomas Hincks, ROBERT THOMAS, son of H. CLOUGH, Esq., of Bradford, to MARY JANE, daughter of the late Mr. W. MUSGRAVE, of Leeds.

June 9, at the Old chapel, Dukinfield, by Rev. R. Brook Aspland, M.A., Mr. JOHN RIDGWAY to Miss EDNA NETHERWOOD, both of Dukinfield.

June 11, at Essex-Street chapel, London, by Rev. Thomas Madge, JOSEPH CROOK, Esq., M.P., of Chamber Hall, near Bolton, to MARY, eldest daughter of Thomas Biggs, Esq., of Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, London.

June 21, at the parish church, Brighton, by the vicar, Rev. H. M. Wagner, M.A., FREDERICK COLLIER, of New Broad

Street, London, third son of Edmund Collier, of Walthamstow, Essex, Esq., to MARY ANNE, widow of the late Charles SMITH, Esq., of Down Ampney, Gloucestershire.

June 22, at Stockport, by Rev. James Bayley, Mr. JOHN MARKLAND to Miss FANNY HEWITT.

July 7, at the Old chapel, Dukinfield, by Rev. R. Brook Aspland, M.A., Mr. JOHN JACKSON, of Dukinfield, to Miss HANNAH COE, of Stayley.

July 9, at the Unitarian chapel, Bath, by Rev. W. J. Odgers, HENRY FRANCIS, eldest son of Mr. Henry W. BUCKNALL, of Liverpool, to SARAH JANE, eldest daughter of Mr. Francis PILE, of the former place.

July 10, at the Old chapel, Dukinfield, by Rev. R. Brook Aspland, M.A., Mr. JAMES THOMPSON to Miss ALICE FISHER, both of Stalybridge.

July 14, at the Old meeting-house, St. Nicholas, Ipswich, by Rev. J. T. Cooper, Mr. PHILIP PIZEY to Miss ELLEN DOWSING, both of Woodbridge.

July 16, at the Unitarian chapel, Crook's Lane, Chester, by Rev. R. Brook Aspland, M.A., of Dukinfield, SAMUEL BEALE, Esq., of Russell Square, London, to MARY, eldest daughter of the late John JOHNSON, Esq., of Field House, near Chester.

July 16, at the Unitarian Baptist chapel, Deal, by Rev. Iden Payne, Mr. WILLIAM BRETT BAKER, of Deal, to SARAH ELIZABETH, daughter of Mr. Thomas BUSHELL, of the same place.

July 22, at the Upper Brook-Street chapel, Manchester, by Rev. J. R. Beard, D.D., ROBERT TRIMBLE, Esq., of Liverpool, to JANE, eldest daughter of Mr. Alderman HEYWOOD, of Manchester.

July 23, at the chapel in Little Portland Street, Regent Street, by Rev. E. Tagart, Mr. ARTHUR JOHN WHITE, Warwick Place, Pimlico, to SARAH, daughter of Mr. GREENHILL, builder, also of Pimlico.